HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. I.—No. 36.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1857. [Price Five Cents.

THE NEW ARCHDUCHESS OF AUSTRIA.

We give below a portrait of Princess Charlotte of Belgium, who has just married the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian of Austria. She is justly famous as the prettiest princess in Europe.

She is seventeen years old. Her father is King Leopold of Belgium, whose common-sense and good fortune have been famous for over a quarter of a century; the same monarch who, when revolutions and republics were all the rage in Europe in 1848, coolly asked his subjects whether they were tired of the monarchy, because, if they were, he would be delighted to take himself off without putting them to the expense of a revolution.

Her mother was a daughter of Louis Philippe of France; an amiable and virtuous woman, who would have been remarkable for her sense had she not been overshadowed by the superior qualities of her husband. She died about the same time as her father, whose misfortunes preyed deeply upon her spirits; leaving her only daughter, Charlotte, only ten years of age.

The history of the happy man who has married this young lady will take no more time to tell. He is a younger brother of the Emperor of Austria, being the son of that Francis Charles who cared so little for royalty or power that he refused to accept the throne his brother Ferdinand offered him. His grandfather was the famous Emperor Francis the Second, whose eccentricities, vices, and misfortunes have been the theme of so many books.

The Archduke is twenty-five years of age. He would have been married before but for his delicate health. He has thus escaped the hereditary error of the Austrian royal family; which from generation to generation has been victimized by early marriages, subsequent domestic unhappiness, and early decay.

His grandfather, Francis, was married when barely twenty, and only Archduke, to a very lovely creature, Elizabeth of Wurtemberg. They had a very merry wedding, as merry as that of the present Archduke. But the merriment did not last long. Francis went off to the wars, leaving his young wife *enceinte*. During his absence, his uncle, the Emperor Joseph, was taken ill, and was soon beyond the reach of medical aid. Between the Emperor and Elizabeth the most sincere affection existed; she called him "papa," and loved him scarcely less than her husband. When Joseph knew that his end was approaching, he sent for his favorite to take his leave of her; but fearing that his emaciated aspect might shock her, he had the room carefully darkened before she came, the windows closed, and a single taper lit. But the gloom only aggravated the shock. The young Archduchess threw herself upon the bed in an agony of grief, kissed her "papa's" cheeks and hands, could not bear to listen to his last blessing, and was carried out of the room in a fainting fit. She was seized with the pains of labor next morning, and died in a few hours. The news of her death was borne to the dying Emperor.

"I thought," said he, in a feeble voice, "that I was able to bear all the agony of death which the Lord would vouchsafe to lay upon me; but this dreadful calamity exceeds every thing that I have suffered in this miserable world."

Francis consoled himself more easily. Returning from the wars and finding his wife dead, he married the rather fast Theresa of Naples, who with her uncommonly fast mother Queen Caroline of Naples, and a bevy of dashing Neapolitan ladies, settled upon him, and ruled him and his house for many years. She found a worthy old soldier governing the empire, as prime minister. After trying in vain to cajole and manage him, she resorted to a woman's trick; one of her fast ladies persuaded the old soldier that the young Queen was in love with him; and when he had committed himself, "as became a *galant homme*," he was exposed and dismissed. Thugut, whom Theresa put in his place, was, however, a worse bargain for the Queen; he had a way of making love to women till they were dying for him, then letting them see that he was quite indifferent to their attractions. When he was established as prime minister, he took care to keep his post; and after vain efforts to dislodge him, the Queen was obliged to console herself with the exclusive control of the royal household, leaving public affairs to the minister.

She bore the Emperor five children, and toward the close of her life set a good example to the Court. But it made no difference to her husband, who was unmoved when she frolicked, and unmoved when she died. He married within a few weeks of her death—a blue-stocking this time—who also soon died, and then the uxorious Emperor married again.

It illustrates the character of the fine ladies of Vienna (of course there are none such any where else) to know that, when this wretched old man died—he had set a scandalous example of conjugal infidelity—the wives, mothers, and daughters of the best Austrian families absolutely fought for feathers out of his pillow.

He inherited his conjugal recklessness. His father, Leopold, who had married a Spanish princess, Maria Ludovica—a pale, plain, sickly woman, but uncommonly amiable, and philosophical—had so weakened his frame by excesses that he was constantly obliged to resort to stimulants to keep up a semblance of strength. He used to dabble in chemistry for the purpose of discovering compounds that would excite his jaded senses; and, with the aid of some Rosicrucian philosophers, succeeded in inventing a mixture so terrible that he died of the reaction. His wife, Ludovica, was staying in the same city with him, and having taken a fancy to the society of an opera singer whom the Emperor protected, used to send over to her to ask when she might call and bring her embroidery, "because, you know, it might be awkward if I met the Emperor at your house."

His brother Joseph, though a moral man, was very unfortunate in his marriages. His first wife, Isabella of Parma, a pleasing girl with a dark olive complexion, and rich black eyes, he married to please his family. The lady was forced to break off a prior attachment in order to become his wife. She obeyed, simply saying,

"I may live six or seven years; and if I have a child, it will not survive me."

She had a daughter, who died in its seventh year; a few weeks afterward, while she was *enceinte*, she was attacked with small-pox, and died, giving birth to a child which died the same day.

Joseph had loved her very dearly, and never doubted but she returned his attachment. When she died, his courtiers pressed him to marry again. He declared that his grief was such that he could not think of marriage. His sister then confided to him that his caresses had always been odious to his late wife. At this he became frantic, anathematizing the whole sex; and it was not till Maria Theresa positively insisted on his taking measures to prevent the succession becoming vacant that he consented to marry again. Four young ladies were offered to him. One bore an equivocal reputation, and he set her aside; a second was unhealthy, and she wouldn't do: the choice lay between the two others—a Saxon and a Bavarian princess. His mother, the Empress, sent a trusty courtier to see them, and demanded his report. He, with the bluntness of a soldier, reported:

"Madame, si j'étais le maître de mes actions, je ne voudrais ni l'une ni l'autre; mais le couteau

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF BELGIUM.

au gosier, et devant absolument en prendre une, je choisirais plutot la Bavaroise, parce qu' au moins elle a de la gorge."

As in addition to this serious defect the Saxon princess, whose name was Cunegonda, had a fine mustache, Joseph gave her an abbey, and took the other. The Bavarian had never been educated; she stung her husband to the quick by her ignorance and stupidity; the unhappiness which his annoyance caused her worried him still more; and to add to all, when she died, and her body was buried in haste in consequence of the heat of the weather, the people said that Joseph had murdered her, or at least had spirited her away into a convent to get rid of her.

Another lady who is famous in the chronicles of this Hapsburg family is "White Lizzie," as the lovely Elizabeth of Brunswick, wife of Charles VI., was called, from the dazzling clearness of her complexion. She ought to have been a happy woman, for she was blessed with beauty, a good husband who adored her, and an unequaled position in the world. But fashion, which compelled her husband to divide his attention between a wife whom he loved and a mistress to whom he was indifferent, could not steel the injured wife's heart to her wrongs; and her mental suffering was aggravated to a pitch of frenzy by her failure to bear the King a son. The last time she was pronounced to be likely to endow the royal house with an heir, she sent all over Europe for the greatest painters of the day, and had her chamber frescoed and filled with paintings of Cupids, Apollos, Jupiters, and charming youths; Charles performed no end of religious ceremonies; but the child was born a girl, and Maria Theresa inherited the throne.

These casual jottings from the history of Austria may have some little interest to-day. It will doubtless be remembered that the Emperor of Austria has just lost his two little girls, and that both he and his wife are said to have suffered in health in consequence. Should any thing happen to Francis Joseph, this Archduke would succeed, by the name of Maximilian, and his bride would become Empress of Austria.

It is pleasant to know that she is said to be worthy of so high a station—as good as she is pretty. When her father asked her how she would like to have her wedding celebrated, she immediately replied that if her wishes were consulted the only fête would be a grand banquet to which every poor person in the place should be invited and feasted as long as they liked. This generous and democratic idea was carried out; and the wedding ceremonies, which lasted three days, were commenced by a profuse distribution of food and wine to the poor people of Belgium. They will cherish the memory of "pretty Charlotte."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1857.

THE FINANCIAL STORM.

THE week which was ushered in by the astounding failure of the Ohio Life and Trust Company, closed with the suspension of Messrs. Atwood and Company, and a gloomier state of things in the financial world than has been known for years. During the week a number of firms engaged in stock-jobbing suspended payment, and also one or two houses embarked in a more generally esteemed if not more legitimate line of business. Money closed on Saturday extremely tight: the Banks, with probably no more than nine and a quarter to a half millions of specie in their vaults, have called in the bulk of their demand loans, and in many instances have curtailed their accommodation to their customers to one half their usual line. Nor is it reasonable to suppose that the stringency will be of short duration.

We had occasion to show, a few weeks since, that the enormous increase in our imports of manufactures and luxuries from Europe, concurring in point of time with a prosperous harvest abroad, and a cessation of the demand for American securities in London and on the Continent, must lead to one of two things—either a very extended suspension of payments here, or such an exportation of specie as this country has never known. The principle is as clear as the most elementary problem in arithmetic; what we buy, we must pay for; and if we have not goods to send abroad, or if foreigners don't want our goods, we must send gold. The period during which this necessity will press upon us will, of course, be brief; by December we shall have cotton bills to meet our debts; but during the months of September, October, and November it seems beyond all doubt that we shall suffer considerably for the extravagance of our purchases.

Of the causes which led to the failure of the Ohio Life and Trust Company, the Atwoods, and some other houses which have just suspended, too little is yet officially known to justify confident comment. But, as a general rule, it has long been evident to every thoughtful person that a great portion of this country, and especially the Western States, have been "burning the candle at both ends," viz., spending money in foreign dry goods, comforts, luxuries on an unexampled scale, and at the same time investing every dollar they earned, and more besides, in the construction of railroads and other works of improvement, in opening new lands, and laying the corner-stone of new cities. There are, of course, solidly rich men and rich communities in the West; but, as a general rule, it is greatly to be feared that while the Western men have invested all they could make in prospective wealth, they have at the same time lived and acted as though that wealth were already realized and in their pockets.

The reproach lies at our door too. Our extravagance engendered the extravagance of the West; our costly houses, our expensive furniture, our ruinous habits of dressing, and living generally, are just as unsuited to our progressive condition as the two-fold expenditure of the Western people is to theirs. No city in Europe is so extravagant as New York. Dukes and princes on the Continent spend less money and live in less splendid style than our common merchants. Our young women spend as much on their toilet as their fathers would lay out on the whole family in England or France; our "boys" throw away the livelihood of a European gentleman.

All this must be paid for. No fault can escape retribution; and our extravagance, like our other sins, must have its penalty. What that penalty will be we shall know better when the present autumn draws to a close.

THE FAILURE OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

THE accident, the possibility of which was foreshadowed in these columns last week, has occurred; and for the present, the Atlantic Telegraph is a failure. Some three hundred odd miles from land the cable parted, in 2000 fathoms water, and the ships returned dolefully to England to tell the story of their gallant endeavor. The rupture of the cable is ascribed to the unfortunate or unwise order of an engineer, who thought it necessary to tighten the brakes in consequence of the rapidity with which the cable was being paid out, and criticisms of a severe character on the judiciousness of this order are very plentiful just now. It is perhaps doubtful whether any competent opinion can be formed on the subject at present.

Though the telegraph and private advices announce a semi-intention on the part of the Telegraph company to renew their attempt after the equinoctial gales, it is doubtful whether any thing will be done before next year.

The accident is a fortunate one, in some respects. It will impart to the engineers of the Company a knowledge of the practical difficulties they will have to encounter. It will illustrate the perseverance and tenacity with which they undertake their great work. And it will teach the Europeans that when Americans set about a thing, obstacles rather increase than diminish their energy.

A CHAMPION OF AMERICAN LADIES.

IN a late number of *Harper's Magazine* certain judicious though severe criticisms were made on the manners and habits of American women. To these criticisms the *Press*, the paper lately started by Colonel Forney at Philadelphia, publishes a lengthy and somewhat bitter reply. As some days must elapse before the *Magazine* can defend its position—should it deem necessary to do so—we take this opportunity of remarking that the *Press* has, in our opinion, suffered its gallantry to get the better of its judgment.

The position taken by the critic of American women was, in few words, that our "ladies" are often deficient in those amenities of social life which an elevated estimate of female character requires; that their manners, in public, are not always marked by that quiet ease which is the characteristic of good breeding; and that those among them who flourish at watering-places, and other fashionable resorts, are too noisy, frivolous, and bold.

In this position we fear that every unprejudiced observer must concur with the *Magazine* critic.

Of course it is an unpleasant thing to have our wives and daughters taken sharply to task for their faults; and without doubt the country contains vast numbers of ladies to whose manners and behavior no exception could possibly be taken. But that the generality of American fashionable women are not fitted to be good wives or mothers—that they damage their health by unwholesome feeding and reckless dressing—that they neglect their families for the pleasures of society—that their education fits them for idleness, and does not fit them for any useful avocation in life—that they are often rude to strangers, unconscious of the obligations of civility, and deficient in sweetness of disposition—that many among the fashionables are odiously ill-bred, incorrect in diction, empty in mind, emptier in heart, and atrociously extravagant, must be the verdict of every candid person who undertakes to study them with care.

We are very sorry to say it, for more of the future of this great nation depends on our women than on our men. But the fact can not be blinked; it is a fact which no honest writer on our society has for a moment attempted to conceal or deny.

It would be better for Colonel Forney to employ his talent in aiding us to reform the habits and manners of our fellow-countrywomen than to devote his energies to a puerile championship of the sex, in defiance of truth. It is not by captivating the favor of a few young girls that a paper can either achieve or deserve success.

And we will further observe, without designing to retort personalities, that the impertinent conjectures which Colonel Forney hazards in lieu of a sensible reply to the article in the *Magazine*, would be in bad taste in any paper, and are in very bad taste indeed in the *Press*. A little more experience of journalism will convince Colonel Forney that this is not the way to win a character for his paper.

ALWAYS IN A HURRY.

IMPATIENCE is probably the most characteristic feature of the American people, and it shows itself at every step in their progress through life. They have found no means yet, we believe, of anticipating nature by coming into the world before the day allotted; but once in it, they manage to keep ahead of time ever after. Impatient of childhood, they free themselves at the earliest moment from parental control, and before they are done growing are in full possession of the privileges of men and women. Impatient of discipline, they rush into the struggle of life like raw recruits, before they are drilled and armed for the encounter. Impatient of resistance, they are so eager for conquest that they are shouting victory before they are fairly in the fight.

You see the natural effects of this characteristic impatience in the hurried progress of the American through every period of life and department of business. This impatient haste brings, as a consequence, the incompleteness of means, which leads to that insufficiency of result which so often exhibits itself in many of our public and private enterprises.

What is it but the characteristic impatience of our people which has caused the present financial troubles, which have resulted in such disaster to a large portion of the community? It is not only that we hurriedly anticipated the wants of the country, and built more railroads than its traffic required; but such was our impatience to pocket the supposed profits, that we did not wait to see if there were any, but borrowed money to pay ourselves in anticipation.

It is so, too, in private business. The merchant or trader is so eager to get money, and to spend it, that in a great many instances he expands his affairs beyond the power of his capital to sustain, and lives sumptuously in advance upon the means that should have been kept in reserve for the payment of obligations, which any ordinary prudence would foresee and provide for. It is this impatience of results which is the cause of three-fourths of the bankruptcies in the country. It is not only that we are in too great a haste to get rich, and speculate recklessly, but we are in such a hurry to enjoy the conjectural success, that we spend prodigally in anticipation of possible profit, and make no provision for the probabilities of failure. It is thus that there are not only more mercantile failures in this country, but that those failures are worse than in any other. If wild speculation is to be deprecated, how much more should we denounce reckless expenditure; for while the one is but imprudence, the other may be dishonesty. We believe the prevailing social habits of prodigality have more to do with commercial ruin than any want of skill or discretion in the conduct of business. If we had the patience to wait until we earned our money before we spent it, there would be less occasion to lament these frequent financial disasters, which not only involve credit, but implicate character.

A TEST OF LIBERTY IN ENGLAND.

IT will be seen from the news that Ledru Rollin, who has too much sense to thrust his neck into the hands of the French police, is about to be tried in his absence on a charge of attempting the Emperor's life. Such trials take place before a single judge, without a jury, and there can be but little doubt but the Emperor's faithful servant, the judge, will find him guilty. In this event, the next step in the programme will be a demand of the French authorities for his extradition from England. Our advices from Paris state that Lord Cowley has expressed an opinion that such a demand could not well be resisted.

It may be that all this is a trick to frighten Ledru Rollin to this country, but there is a possibility that the proceeding may be serious. Should it come to the worst, we shall see whether the boasted asylum which England has so long offered to the proscribed and the exiles of all nations is the reality we have taken it for, or merely a sham.

A COIL OF RHYMES ABOUT THE CABLE.

THE Cable's lost! The intended line
  To chain us to John Bull still faster—
'Tis lost! Well, then, we need not whine
  And wail about the sad disaster.
We're young and strong, and quick at work,
  And count upon our British brother;
So let us not the question shirk,
  But set to work to lay another.

We'll not recoil from coil so vast,
  But try again with honest patience;
And all will own that we've at last
  A glorious Field for operations.
Who says we'll fail? Oh, fool sublime!
  We're not entirely so resourceless;
When Morse caves in, why then 'tis time
  For us to prove ourselves remorseless.

We can not fail; the very skies
  Take serious interest in the matter;
The clouds "talk flash," the fluid flies,
  And even the rain begins to "patter."
If any man can lay the wire,
  'Tis a down-Easter—don't be jealous,
You Southerns, now—we all admire
  Those Yankee chaps as wiry fellows.

And when 'tis laid, how folks will stare
  To see young Jonathan and his brother,
In token of the love they bear,
  Give the rope's end to one another!

So here's success to that great line
  With which we'll grip John Bull still faster,
And o'er the failure hush your whine,
  And wail not o'er the past disaster;
For we are young, and quick at work,
  And count upon our British brother;
So let us not the question shirk,
  But set to work to lay another.

CHAT.

BACK TO THE CITY.

TEN thousand people, more or less, can not be, numerically, of any great importance to our populous metropolis. Ten thousand, however, or half that amount—which is probably nearer the mark—of those called fashionable, can not go or come without at least creating a sensation. Fewer are said to have left the city this summer than usual; and yet, small as they may be in numbers, their absence has been felt. There has been no want of people; we have had our own large stationary population, and perhaps more than the ordinary influx of strangers. The hotels have been, during the present month at least, crammed to their chimney-tops, and we hear this week of some fifteen hundred persons at the St. Nicholas, so crowding each other in that huge caravansera, that there have been rumors of a desperate competition for the chance of a night's lodging on the corner of the dining-table and under the cover of the loose end of the breakfast-cloth. There are at all times people enough in this great city, it is true, and the metropolitan hive is never left without a full swarm. We have busy workers in abundance, and we can do our work effectually, and eat and drink to our full, without invoking the aid of the drones of fashion. We can not, however, spare them; for we have not only to eat and to drink, but to be merry too.

They are coming back, and we bid them welcome. Laugh as we may at their follies, and satirize their vices, how can we spare them? Fashion is the subtle perfume or flavoring extract which gives odor and taste to the whole mass, though Fashion's acolytes may only be as drops in the great social mixture. Our palled appetites must be provoked with what is piquant, or we get off our food, like jaded hacks, and become out of condition.

Fashion, coming out with the autumnal sun, vitalizes the whole city. Trade vegetates with renewed vigor, and bursts out in full bloom with its greatest wealth of product and most brilliant glow of color. Oriental gardens can show no brighter hues than Broadway to tempt the eye. Eastern prodigality has no such riches to satisfy caprice. Broadway would become a desert without wealth and fashion to shower their gold and enrich its productiveness.

Fashion is coming back, and we welcome it. We want it to brighten us with all its resplendent show. We want to see its fine equipage, its brilliant array, and its grand airs. Why, a walk in Broadway during the summer of only three months, according to the calendar, but of the duration of an age to our impatience, has been as dreary as the trudge in a prison yard to the daily portion of perpetual hard labor. There has been no want of people in the great thoroughfare, but they were only prisoners like ourselves, and reminded us unpleasantly of that truth, of which we were already too conscious for our comfort, that our bread was only to be earned by the sweat of the brow. We became painfully aware of city distances. A walk through Broadway was a journey, and as our hurried pace brought us panting to Wall Street, we looked up to the Trinity Church clock, and calculated time and distance, with the fullest appreciation of the growth of the city, and of the number of miles from Union Square to the Battery.

But Fashion is coming back, with its splendor and its gayety, to brighten and cheer the dull city. It is already drawing back the curtains in Fifth Avenue, and showing a face of beauty where so long has been peeping out a Hibernian scarecrow, got up to frighten away burglars.

It is out again in Broadway, with its gay cavalcade, walking, shopping, driving, ogling, and making that thoroughfare, as it always is in its best condition, the brightest and most cheerful promenade in the world.

With Fashion at every step to enliven us, we are no longer conscious of city distances, and can walk from Union Square to the Battery without a look at the Trinity clock.

THE NEW HISTORICAL SOCIETY BUILDING.

The inauguration of the new building of the New York Historical Society is expected to be an event of no little civic interest. The structure, at the corner of Second Avenue and Eleventh Street, is now nearly completed, and will be publicly opened early in October. Preparations are being made

to give proper effect to the occasion. The magnates of the institution have had their parts duly set down, and performance will be no doubt equal to expectation. Dr. Francis is to be the orator, and to his veteran experiences of New York life—from which we understand he has appropriately drawn his material for his oration—we look for much that is interesting. No man living in this country has probably been brought into such intimate contact with the notabilities of the last half century as Dr. Francis, and we may expect from him the most authentic particulars of the life and times of those "men of mark and likelihood" about whom the world is especially curious. We shall hear not only of our own distinguished men, but of those eminent persons from abroad who have visited our city. Statesmen and politicians, divines, lawyers, and doctors, men of science and professors, artists and players, sober citizens and eccentric characters, all will be made to reappear, personally, socially, and intellectually, under the skillful literary handling of the Doctor.

The new building in Second Avenue is a handsome and substantial structure, with Grecian portico and cornice; and, having commodious provisions for picture-gallery, lecture-room, library, and session-hall, will not only be a city ornament, but a city utility.

A PLAN FOR THE CENTRAL PARK.

We fear that the Central Park will never be a reality to the present generation. It is only at this late period that the Commissioners have come to the resolution to advertise and offer prizes for plans. Why this delay? It was, surely must have been obvious, from the very inception of the undertaking, that the chaotic condition of rock, and ditch, and tangled shrub in which this property was bought, could never resolve itself into the order and decency of a public park. It must have been apparent, we should have supposed, to the most confused intellect, that disorder could only be resolved into order by the systematic effort of a skillful designer. We had thought, moreover, that something had already been done toward preparing this public property for the public uses intended; but how even the most preliminary operations could be carried on satisfactorily without some definite design as to the ultimate laying out of the Park, it is not easy to conceive.

The offering of prizes for plans may be well if the object is to encourage the art of landscape gardening; but however proper such an object may be, it will be paying too dear for it if it is, as we fear it will be, to the loss of a good design. The work is a great one, and it should be carried out with the one purpose of obtaining the greatest possible perfection in the result. However jealous we may be of calling in foreign aid, it may be worth consideration whether, with our comparative ignorance of the art of landscape gardening, it would not be wise to avail ourselves of foreign skill. Why, for example, should we not invite Sir Joseph Paxton to visit New York, and obtain from him a design? He is, without exception, the most skillful landscape gardener in the world, as the magnificent grounds of Chatsworth, and the later and still more magnificent gardens and park of the Sydenham Palace testify. Paxton, though the factotum of the Duke of Devonshire, being his steward, gardener, and general agent, an active Member of Parliament, and undoubtedly one of the busiest men in England, would, we believe, be so flattered by a commission from the United States that he would not hesitate to accept it. He, moreover, has, within the past few years, been so far in the practice of exercising the general profession of a landscape gardener and architect, as to undertake the construction of parks and mansions for various noblemen and men of wealth. The magnificent residence now being built for Rothschild, near Paris, is under his superintendence. With our Central Park taking form and beauty under the hand of Paxton, we would have an ever-present example of art, which would do more to promote taste and improve knowledge than all the money we could spend in prizes.

LIFE IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

My dear Editor,—I promised I would give you some account of our doings and sayings in this far corner of the habitable globe, in order that you might let others know, who don't know already, what life in the White Hills of Hampshire really means; also to correct any little erroneous impressions that might have been made (I will not specify from what sources) as to Franconia being reached *via* Portland, or as to Conway lying at the immediate foot of Mount Washington proper. It is a queer sensation in these places, that one is out of the range of post and postman; that any newspaper less than ten days old becomes a source of bliss unutterable, while a letter is a positive godsend. Yes, so it is; we are actually beyond the bounds of civilization. There is, indeed, theoretically speaking, such a thing as a mail; but the idea is purely abstract; whatever it practically consists of is brought to us, generally speaking, *in the driver's hat!* What do you think of the condition of a territory where the crown of a coachman's hat performs such a duty? Sometimes the "mail" gets wet—more often greasy; but, on the whole, it is conscientiously delivered, and without loss of more documents than miscarry through the officials of that well-regulated city, New York.

As to the people we meet here, they are various as the States themselves. We have queer New Englanders, serious, philosophic Bostonians, adventurous Southerners, stout Canadians, learned travelers, experienced mountaineers, who look as if they had been climbing hills all their days, and walk like the Indians, with their feet perfectly straight, never turning the toes out by any chance. We have also young ladies of education, who are strongly geological and botanical in their walks; and young ladies of fashion, who find their gay morning-dresses and embroidered skirts are slightly out of place; we have the usual allowance of accomplished young ladies, who din at the unhappy piano from morning to night; and of young ladies so busy with their admirers that they have no time to distinguish themselves at all. We breakfast before our eyes are fairly open; we dine off what we can persuade any body to bring us; and we take tea whenever we can get it. The chief event in our lives is the ascent of Mount Washington, of which more anon; and those who do not go up are, of course, vividly interested in those who do. But we have other claims on our sympathies. Stages are arriving throughout the day along one or other of the only two roads we possess; and it is of the utmost importance that we should all be in the hall to survey the new-comers, to recognize friends, to stare at strangers, and observe how the drive has crushed their spirits and creased their gowns, particularly in the back breadths of the skirt.

But, dear me! if fashionable watering-places are remarkably *sans gêne*, and dangerous to the dignity of our manners, what can be thought of a sojourn in these primitive places, where every body—owners, visitors, and servants—are alike without restraint of any kind? and where instances are by no means rare, of a dozen ladies and gentlemen having to pass the night in one not very large apartment? *Entre nous*, this "taking things as they are" is really a strong incentive to friendships and affections, which might never have blossomed or borne fruit confined to the glacial atmosphere of conventionality.

How pleasant those evening strolls along the shady road, across the pretty bridge, down to the quiet little lake; or perhaps through the tangled woods to the cascade behind the house, or to any other similar destination, where the difficulties to be encountered in the shape of rock and bramble, make it absolutely necessary that a cavalier should support one with his arm! Moonlight through the trees always makes one sentimental, and is apt to lead to various confidences, quite delightful for us to listen to. When we return, to sit on those darkened piazzas, and watch the growing night; no fear of the garish gas suddenly throwing light on one's meditations, and revealing that So-and-so is holding one's hand in his, and has been doing so for the last half hour. Then, chairs are so scarce that we are compelled to rest our feet, stool-fashion, on those of the gentlemen; very cool and familiar, you see. By-and-by, when we have gazed at the purple mountain-tops against the clear sky, until we are thoroughly chilled through, and the chance of a severe attack of rheumatism before us, we resolve to go within, and try to warm ourselves with a brisk dance. Our orchestra consists of one inexperienced boy, who performs for us on his "fiddle" with a genius peculiar to himself, that defies either description or imitation. But what matter; we enjoy it, that is enough; and it surely is excusable if a polka, danced under the shadow of Mount Washington, and to the music of a very unique violinist, should, toward the last, have a tendency to degenerate into a romp? But even these influences seem unnecessary to some expansive souls, as for instance that fond couple who were seen yesterday morning proceeding to the bowling-alley in an attitude of such affectionate endearment that my eyes were riveted upon them.

"If that couple are not engaged, they certainly ought to be," exclaimed a severe spinster beside me; but she seemed interested in the sight, and so likewise were the stable boys who stood at the stable door, dawdling about, until the return of the party from the Mountain should give them something to do.

After the bowling alley, those who have "done" the Mountain, and those who do not intend to "do" it, set off to kill some other lion, some lovely falls, or silvery cascades, to which, unless you are lucky enough to appropriate a horse and saddle, you are painfully conveyed in what is courteously called a wagon, but which is, in point of fact, nothing less than an Inquisitorial torturing machine. None but those who have felt it can imagine what it is to be driven in such a vehicle along a White-Mountain road. It is not driving, it is *bumping.* The road itself is nothing but deep holes, succeeded by huge stones, with a few trunks of trees laid thoughtfully side by side, wherever a roaring torrent crosses the way. Every motion experienced in driving, since Adam was driven out of Paradise, has here to be endured by us. We are jerked up and down, we are swung right and left, we are thrown backward and forward, we are flung from side to side; and woe betide the small "exclusive" party, who secure a conveyance to themselves and don't happen to fill it. There is no help but in numbers; in the multitude of sufferers alone is their safety; for it is but the pressure of dense packing which prevents your being hurled head foremost to the ground, and ending your days at the foot of some stately pine. (By-the-by, there is no pine here, only larch and fir).

We laugh and talk, however, spite of our miseries, and endeavor to bear this rough-and-tumble style of progression as best we may. Nevertheless, there are times when, at some fearful upheaval, we feel our hours must be numbered, and that if we have any last request to make, we had better impart it forthwith to the friends beside us. At such moments the solid ones are much to be envied.

"Brace yourself, my dear madam—brace yourself as I do," exclaims the Daniel Lambert of the party; "you don't see *me* roll about, do you?"

It's all very well to say, "Brace yourself as I do," when the difficulty would be for a person of the speaker's calibre to be thrown about by any thing. Roll about, indeed! No, it is we ephemeridæ who suffer under such circumstances, not buffaloes and elephants.

Arrived at the narrow path through the woods we alight, and it is asked, anxiously, "if ladies can go up there?"

"Oh yes, any lady can go, wot'll hold up her clo's and step out straight!"

Endeavoring to carry out these two conditions we proceed, laboriously, and find ourselves well repaid for the scramble. The time will come, I suppose, when the country round here will be thoroughly investigated and explored, and the numerous cascades and waterfalls will be appreciated as they deserve. It is a land of lovely streams and rocks, making all imaginable and unimaginable combinations, every fall having its own distinct and characteristic beauty, and in no way resembling any other; while the least remarkable among them would, if in Europe, become the glory and rapture of whole armies of tourists.

The great requisite toward the establishment of a hotel in the White Mountains seems to be the possession of a small menagerie. Catch your bear, give your house a name, and there you are! But a bear is indispensable. Sometimes a couple are provided for our amusement, and their charming gambols and "little, winning ways" are an unfailing source of delight to the numerous idlers. A bear is not expensive, as he lives, during summer, chiefly on the refuse bread and dry crusts furnished by the dining-table, while in the winter he only requires a hole into which he may creep, and there, securely stowed, may await, in solemn slumber, the coming of the future spring. It is a beautiful and philosophic picture: Bruin buried in the snow, serene and comfortable, while the world around travails in tempests or groans in revolutions. Kingdoms may fall, emperors be done for, ere he will disturb his majestic contentment.

But, better far than Bruin, we have a dog, a noble dog; every hotel has plenty of dogs, but they are rarely such dear fellows as our Brewster. Brewster is a splendid Newfoundland, young and uneducated, big as a pony, and handsome as a dog can be. Whether he is a godson of Elder Brewster of New England memory, or of the renowned and scientific Sir David, I am unable to say. Enough that the dear creature is worthy of either. Undoubtedly he is of an enterprising mind, for he goes long journeys every day, and about twice a week he ascends the Mountain. This is done for his own amusement; but, if you request him, he will go up with you at any time, and he is as good a guide to the summit as any human being in the district. Excellent Brewster! can I ever forget thee? thy many virtues, and thy great faults? thy interesting ways, and thy many very naughty tricks? Didst thou not—on a recent journey up the Mount—didst thou not, at the Tip-Top House, rudely seize the Bible—the only Bible on the summit—and wantonly tear it in pieces, since which piety has not progressed up there, and the deficiency is laid to thy door? Didst thou not systematically disturb Bruin in the demolition of his evening pyramid of bread-and-milk? And didst thou not daily select the choicest morsels, and keep them and eat them against his will? Worse yet, didst thou not even more basely steal food from the poor little chained fox, who looked on, powerless and miserable, while his favorite stores were greedily dragged from their secret hiding-places, and coolly devoured before his eyes by thee, thou brigand? And had I not to deprive myself of eggs, at my very inadequate breakfast, in order to make up for thy robberies to the victimized reynard? But who would not pardon even greater sins at sight of thy fine brown eyes, and thy immense curly tail! Did I not beg meat for thee, Brewster, meat out of the kitchen, from the hands of the cross and economic housekeeper—meat fresh and raw, juicy chops, and scraps of tenderloin—and give it to thee, Brewster? and didst thou not, thereafter, seat thyself gravely on thy haunches before me, and deliberately, earnestly extend to me the right hand of canine friendship; and was I not forced by delicacy and politeness to accept that dirty paw, which had just helped to bring thee, pattering along the muddy road, all the way from Gorham? Did I not hold it gratefully, and stroke thy noble brow, while thy affectionate demonstrations destroyed for me a cherished blue silk—that sweet one with the graduated flounces? For thy sake, beloved Brewster, *pour l'amour de tes beaux yeux*, that robe shall remain uncleaned, and be forever cherished as a memorial of the dearest thief of a dog that I have known! Farewell, dear Brewster! May'st thou be happy! Only I must lament that thy noble nature lies at the mercy of boys in the stable-yard and tobacco-chewers on the piazza. Thou art worthy of a nobler destiny than to rob fat bears or steal from puny foxes!

To-morrow we ascend the Mountain, and I wish, as the busy servant did, to rest myself beforehand, in order that *that* may be done. Therefore, adieu for the present. Yours.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

HOTEL MORALS.

Some time since the Hotels of this city and elsewhere were in a ferment because I animadverted slightly on certain of their peculiarities. Princely proprietors and gentlemanly clerks thirsted for my blood. Did I dine with a friend at the Bunkum House, I was stared out of countenance by indignant officials. One itinerant editor in this city went so far as to publish my name in connection with these papers, in the hope that some person connected with the hotels might inflict on me a punishment which he was afraid to attempt himself. Still I survived; and finding that, on one or two late occasions, the hotels loomed up rather conspicuously before the public, I propose saying a few words relative to "Hotel Morals."

When a Divine authority stated that it was not good for man to dwell alone, the axiom certainly was not intended to advocate the hotel system. One of the most noticeable things in the Bible is that it always insists on "the family." From the patriarchs down we find all family men presiding over their own household, and there is no place where we can find so many touching and beautiful pictures of "the family" gathered together under the shelter of their own roof-tree.

With the wondrous wisdom which distinguishes that immortal work from all others, this theory of the Household is not based upon any poetic idea, but is founded on absolute morals. The institution of the Household is necessary before the lives of the three persons constituting it can be considered perfectly fulfilled. The Husband, the Wife, the Child, must have learned those duties which can alone be learned in the Household ere their moral natures are completed. People who do not live under their own roof are ignorant of the most beautiful side of life. The relations that exist between master and spouse, parent and child, in the sphere in which they can alone move with fitness and precision, are unknown to them; the husband is but half a husband, the wife but half a wife, the child but half a child, when all three reside in some huge caravansera in common with some hundreds of other persons, separated from them by different tastes, feelings, opinions—yet congregated with them by a self-imposed necessity.

I am really astonished that a race of people descended principally, as we are, from the English stock, should be pleased with this gregarious mode of living. An Englishman of any means would as soon have recourse to his traditional pastime of suicide as take his Lares and Penates into a suite of rooms at the Bunkum House. The Englishman knows the value of that little monosyllable "home." All his songs are about fighting for and protecting it. A few stupid verses written to a simple air, but in which the beloved word formed the refrain, saved a native opera from neglect, and immortalized the composer, at least by British hearths. Even when an Englishman goes to a watering-place, he will have a little house to himself if he can. If England were invaded to-morrow, the watchword would be "Fight for your homes!" With us it would be "Fight for your country!" The fact is, I don't think we exactly understand what "home" means. We are always ready to sell our homes at an advance. We do not cling tenaciously to the soil on which we were born or bred. We have no veneration for the house that saw our great-grandfather die, and if property rises in the neighborhood, we will yield to our wife's solicitations, sell it, and go to live in a hotel.

When I enter the Bunkum House and see the crowds of men smoking in the halls, drinking at the bar, lounging at the windows, and behold their wives seated wearily in the parlors, talking scandal among each other; or, if they are young and pretty, flirting with young Belzebub in a corner, when I see these idle crowds, I say, I am struck with pity to think that there are such a number of homeless people in the world.

The virtuous public—which it is so very easy to astonish—is perfectly amazed and horrified when some terrible scandal suddenly rips out about certain parties at the Bunkum House. It is tremendously indignant, and hoots at the criminals. But it never blames the system. It never reflects that there is a sanctity around a well-conducted household which lends an additional dignity and purity to the wife; that when in her own home the wife has aims in life which she can have in no other position; aims to accomplish, duties to fulfill which give her a healthy occupation, and keep her morally as well as physically sound. But without a home, and occupying a suite of rooms at the Bunkum House, what is she? She has no occupation but that of dress; no aim but to assassinate to-day that she may get into to-morrow more quickly. Her husband all day at his business; all the evening in the smoking or bar-room, who will wonder if she forgets him? Idle and lazy, and dyspeptic from the want of exercise, she becomes such a mere puppet and machine that she loses all sense of individual responsibility, and—the atmosphere around her not being the most moral—soon loses also the sense of what she owes to the world.

I say that there is no spectacle more horrible to me than the sight of those highly-dressed, pale, indolent women whom one sees in "first-class hotel" parlors, slowly decaying, body and soul, ruined by combined neglect, want of occupation, and bad company. People are surprised when some scandalous story leaks out about such and such hotels. I am surprised that affairs of the kind are not more common. Every young man who is about town knows that there is no lack of opportunities. A friend of mine, who some time ago was about to be married, in talking over future plans, said to me, "I would sooner take my wife into a ship on fire than take her to live in a hotel or boarding-house." He understood the sacredness, nay, the *necessity* of a home. He knew that a married man can only enjoy life under his own roof; he knew that morally, as well as physically, large crowds taint the atmosphere.

Hotels are, in the strict sense of the word, intended for the use of travelers, and when they are used "exclusively" by that class I think that the morals of our cities will be a little better than they are.

UNDER THE TREES.

When the summer days are bright and long,
And the little birds pipe a merry song,
'Tis sweet in the shady woods to lie,
And gaze at the leaves and the twinkling sky,
Drinking the while the rare, cool breeze,
Under the trees, under the trees!

When winter comes, and the days are dim,
And the wind is singing a mournful hymn,
'Tis sweet in the faded woods to stray,
And tread the dead leaves into the clay,
Thinking of all life's mysteries
Under the trees, under the trees!

Summer or winter, day or night,
The woods are an ever-new delight;
They give us peace, and they make us strong—
Such wonderful balms to them belong:
So, living or dying, I'll take mine ease
Under the trees, under the trees!

THE HAIR, AND STYLES OF WEARING IT.

VARIOUS HEAD-DRESSES.

NATURE has given us no finer ornament than our hair; and the *torments* by fire and floods of oil to which in all ages it has been subjected, are enough to make "each particular hair stand on end" and protest against the cruel inflictions. But if they make no audible protest they are apt to stand on end, and avenge themselves by growing white, and falling untimely from the heads that have "plotted with devilish arts against their peace."

Fashion, we are happy to observe, is lately giving some indications of a gracious permission finally to uncoil the monstrous ropes, and flatten down the unnatural projections with which, for two or three years past, her votaries have been disfigured.

In its highest state of cultivation and preservation the hair requires only a simple arrangement, varied to suit the style of its possessor, to be the most glorious of all crowns. When we shall refine back to nature, and cease to paint the lily and perfume the rose, we shall have taken a great step toward elegant accomplishment.

We learn by the best authorities that the hair of women is coarser than that of men, disproving the common notion that continual use of the "abhorred shears" tends to coarseness and strength.

The ordinary length of women's hair is about twenty inches, and flaxen and chestnut hair are the finest, and white and black hair the coarsest. In confirmation of these observations, Whitoff tells us that 598 black, 648 chestnut, and 728 flaxen hairs are about the average number which a square inch of the skin of the head produces.

How the hair sympathizes with the diseases of the body we have all noticed, growing thin, and fading, and withering up under the influence of various maladies; and we have some very curious evidences of sympathy with emotion as well as disease. Byron makes his Prisoner of Chillon say,

> "My hair is gray, but not with years,
> Nor grew it white
> In a single night
> As men's have grown from sudden fears."

Several instances are recorded of the hair changing color under the influence of a few hours' suffering. The hair of Sir Thomas More is said to have turned white in a single night, and that of Mary, Queen of Scots, Marie Antoinette, and others, within a very short period of time. In the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana" a case is recorded of a banker whose hair became perfectly gray in the course of three days, in consequence of anxiety of mind.

No author has been able to account for this, nor, in fact, for the gradual growing white of the hair with age. Various theories have been proposed, but we are not warranted in adopting any of them.

A celebrated German authority considers that the hair begins to turn gray about thirty, and another gives forty as the time of life at which this change begins to make itself seen; and it is the popular belief that dark hair turns gray much earlier in life than light, but probably the belief is not founded in fact. White streaks are readily recognized among dark hair; but as far as our observation goes, light hair is as liable to turn gray as dark, and scarcely do we know a man or woman beyond twenty-five who has not some white hairs, and we think of several of the age of thirty who are not only very gray but bald.

The coloring matter of the hair is supposed to be secreted in small glands in the scalp, and that its character is subject to alteration from disease and violent emotions, in consequence of which the hair changes its hue.

A variety of restoratives have been invented, each professing to recover the pristine character of this pigment, but a case of absolute restoration has never come under our observation.

Poets have exhausted all epithets of description in singing this crowning beauty of men and women—and sunshine, and snow, and raven darkness have been summoned again and again to do it reverence by their poor representations.

The different fashions of wearing the hair in different ages is a curious and interesting study. There is no torture, it would seem, to which the tresses of women have not been subjected—dyed and bleached, variegated and varnished, powdered and stiffened and frizzled. Among the ancient Greeks the custom of wearing false hair was at various periods excessively prevalent; indeed, it was only now and then that the classic head-dress we term Grecian was to be seen, so predominant were the pyramids of curls, plaits, and other elaborations. Pomatum was also in liberal use—a custom that is quite too prevalent at this day, for it neither advances the growth nor adds to the beauty of the hair, and cleanliness and refined taste are alike offended by it.

The ancient Roman ladies reduced their hair-dressing to a positive science, and their slaves were taught by them how to rear their tresses into most magnificent edifices, together with curls, flowers, jewels, and coronals. They understood, too, a very ingenious method of twining the hair into multitudinous plaits, which it was the fashion to inclose in a caul or net woven of gold and silver thread and gems. Arrows of gold and silver, and dagger-shaped jewels of all precious metals, pinned the caul to the hair.

The Egyptians wore false hair, both mixed with their own and in wigs, and the fashion of using perfumes and pomatums was universally sanctioned by use. The ladies neither wore the caul nor adopted any other means of confining the tresses, except the wearing of a fillet, composed of precious stones, about the forehead to prevent their falling over the face. Having been perfumed and put into braids or plaits they were left to stream over the neck and shoulders, and as far down the back as they would reach: a profusion of flowers and gems adorned them.

In the British Museum there is a wig which is said to have been found among the ruins of the temple of Isis at ancient Thebes; and though it must have been manufactured thousands of years ago it is perfectly preserved, both in curl and color. But however successful their art of curling in those days, their ambition was not to emulate nature, as is shown by such specimens of their handiwork as have come down to us. It appears rather that they sought to destroy the identity of the hair altogether by painting, frosting, and gilding.

The earliest authentic records furnished by England on the styles of hair-dressing show them to have been very simple. The ladies wore their hair parted in the middle, put smoothly back from the face, and wound under a hood or coif—sometimes it was allowed to float in curls down the back. Many of the old court ladies are thus represented. Elizabeth, Queen of Henry VII., wore her hair with "a calle of pipes over it" on the day of her marriage. In one of the portraits of Anne Boleyn her hair is represented in the same way. In the pictures of Lady Jane Grey her hair is shown to be parted in the middle, braided across the forehead, and concealed behind under a vail or cap. It was not till the days of Queen Bess that "coming events cast their shadows before," and signs of the dreadful head-gear, which a century later rose to a ridiculous height, began to present themselves.

In some of the portraits of Elizabeth her hair appears to be folded over an enormous cushion; and, indeed, so fond was she of extravagant structures, that she had several entire wigs, which she caused to be reared into various ornamental pyramids of curls and frizzles, and set-off with gems and flowers.

Among the articles composing her wardrobe, the following is set down:

> "Item. One cawie of haire set with pearles, in Number xlii. One ditto set with pearles of sundry sizes and bigness. One cawle set with nine true-loves of pearle and seven buttons, in each a rubie."

Toward the close of the reign of the "goode Queen" perukes came in fashion, and the manufacture of them afforded employment to numberless decayed gentlewomen. So much false hair was worn, indeed, that a traffic in hair was established, and means not very honorable resorted to for supplying the requisite amount. Poor women were bribed to sell their hair, children induced by gifts to part with theirs, and the graves visited and the dead despoiled in frequent instances.

The custom of dyeing the hair prevailed largely at this period. A writer of the time says: "If any have hair of her owne naturall growing, which is not fine ynough, then will they dye it in divers colors."

The peruke, agreeably to the best authorities, was originated in France, and after the massacre in Paris introduced into England.

About 1630 Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles the First, introduced the fashion of wearing the hair in a sort of cross, curled in short thick curls along the forehead, and in falling ringlets along the neck. This style, under various modifications, prevailed for a good many years.

In the reign of Charles the Second perukes became the exclusive fashion. They were worn of all hues, and it was the custom of the ladies either to match or contrast the colors of their wigs and dresses.

The following is transcribed from Pepys's Diary:

> "1664, *May 13th.*—This day my wife began to wear light-colored locks, quite white almost, which, though it made her look very pretty, yet, not being natural, vexes me that I will not have her wear them."

In 1690 a fashion of setting the hair out from the head upon wires prevailed, but whether the natural hair could be worn in this style does not appear.

In the beginning of the next century the most extravagant elaboration became the fashion in hair-dressing. Masses of ringlets were worn floating down the back, interspersed with flowers, ribbons, and jewels; also, immense fabrics of curls and *frise* were reared up on the top of the head, and surmounted with feathers and ornaments of jewels, flowers, and ribbons. About half a century later these fashions gave place to still more absurd and extravagant ones. Cushions of a monstrous size were placed on the head, and the hair drawn smoothly over them; sometimes, however, the extreme ugliness and stiffness of this coiffure was relieved by the wearing of curls along the neck. In the reign of George the Second, powder and pomatum were in excessive use, and false hair was worn to an inconvenient degree of profusion. At this time various stiff and unnatural styles of arranging the hair were in vogue; among them a kind of sausage-shaped curl, and the German, or roll-shaped curl, which was made stiff and round by being stuffed with frizzles. These elaborate fashions, of course, consumed a great part of every day, and required the skill of a hair-dresser. So much time and pains could not always be granted, indeed, and one hair-dressing, it is said, not unfrequently served for a week. To enable them to sleep in such gear must have taxed the ingenuity of the ladies heavily. But they are not likely to fail of doing "what fashion dictates to be done," nor of leaving undone what she warns them not to do. No doubt it is scandal upon the fair women of the times, but we find it stated that hair-dressers about this period were in the habit of advertising their competency to erect tires that would last for three months!

These ridiculous cushions were superseded by wigs closely resembling those worn by men; the only difference, in fact, consisting in the termination of the gentlemen's wig in a queue, and the ladies' in a fold of hair called a club. About 1800 powder began to be discontinued, but whether the powder-tax or common-sense discouraged the use of it is a point not easily answered at this day; probably, however, it was the tax that chiefly operated against it. False hair soon afterward began to disappear, and the ladies bestowed the time and pains on their own hair which was formerly given to their wigs. In some of the pictures of the times we find a profusion of ringlets, not only dropping down the neck and shoulders but also falling over

DIFFERENT MODES OF WEARING THE HAIR.

MRS. HAMILTON. MRS. CHARLES CARROLL. MRS. DUER.

the face like a vail. With this style of hair-dressing no ornamental gear was worn, except a simple fillet confining the tresses round the forehead, and having a knot of ribbon or a few flowers attached to one side.

These profuse ringlets were succeeded by crops, as the fashion of parting the hair down the middle and curling in rows of short, thick curls was called. Parting the hair along the temple, and wearing raised curls upon one side of the head, soon succeeded. Then came the fashion of tying the hair at the crown of the head, and looping it up in rows of folds, supported at the back by a huge comb—the front hair being disposed in rows of short, thick curls. Plaits looped along the sides of the face eventually displaced the curls along the forehead, while the top of the head was surmounted by bows of plaited hair; gradually the loops and bows gave place to graceful curls and classic braids, which, combining neatness with artistic elegance, still hold their place.

The earliest styles of hair-dressing among the French women that come under our notice, represent the hair as entirely hidden beneath elaborate head-dresses, somewhat resembling those described as worn by the earlier Queens of England. Perukes succeeded these head-dresses.

In one of the portraits of Marguerite of Navarre, she is represented with hair powdered and curled all over her head, and sprinkled with diamonds.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century the French ladies began to rear their hair into turrets and pile it up to mountains, and for the purpose of supporting it great frames of whalebone and wire were invented, and cushions, and various other fabrics over which to train it, were brought into use.

In the reign of Louis XIV. a head-dress was introduced composed of rows of full curls raised one above another to the crown of the head. The curls were mixed with flowers, and strings of pearls were worn between each row; and curls, interwoven with various ornaments, floated down over the neck and shoulders. Altogether, it was not an unbecoming mode. In the centre of this head-dress it was the custom to place an ornament of highly elaborated jewel-work, so placed that its pendants should just touch the "white honor of the beauteous brow."

From the times of Louis XV. we take an illustration much less pleasing. The hair, it will be seen, is combed up from the forehead, and arranged in perpendicular rows of frizzed curls, over which a ruff is worn, fastening under the chin. Occasionally the fashion was varied by some royal caprice; but our illustration represents that which predominated.

Various modes followed each other in quick succession during the revolutionary period. Wigs obtained great favor, but pomatum and powder were unfashionable. Toward the close of the Reign of Terror Madame Talien introduced the fashion of cutting the hair short all round like that of a man, and this style was succeeded by a clustering crop of short curls, represented by our illustration.

About the opening of the nineteenth century a succession of monstrously grotesque head-dresses followed one another. One of them consisted of a pyramid of hair supported by a tall comb, and was called "the Giraffe," probably from its giving the neck a resemblance to that of the animal which gave name to the mode. Another style, called "the Casque," was made by combing all the hair together at the top of the head, like that of a Chinese woman, and there raising it in great bows and plaits over foundations of wire and whalebone. We give a specimen of another mode considered specially becoming in its time.

In the provinces of France the prevailing styles have been much more simple and beautiful. Some of the peasants, however, appear to have no pride in their tresses, and, when tempted by the hair-merchants, dispose of them for the veriest trifle. Those who retain their hair conceal it beneath a cap, and this fashion extends even to the little children.

The modern styles of most nations are, perhaps, familiar to our readers. Among the Portuguese and Italians it is the custom to plait the hair, and wear it beneath a loose silken net. The Turkish ladies plait their hair in a great many different tresses, and ornament them with gems, coins, and jewels. The Armenian women have a similar fashion of adding such quantities of false hair to their own that, when seated, they appear half-buried in disheveled locks.

Our readers may wish to know if any of the odd fashions we have described ever prevailed in this country, and how our own stately dames of yore dressed their tresses for grand occasions. The first example we give is from the portrait of Mrs. William Duer, a daughter of Lord Stirling, from an engraved likeness now in the possession of Mr. Betts.

It looks as if the lady wore a wicker market-basket on her head. The pains taken with the hair in her day is shown by accounts of the great festival given in Philadelphia, in celebration of the birthday of the dauphin of France—afterward the unfortunate Louis XVI., when hair-dressers were retained weeks in advance. "At an early hour," says one of these accounts, "a corps of hair-dressers took possession of the room assigned to the city watchmen, and so great was the demand on their attention, that many ladies were obliged to have their hair dressed between four and six o'clock in the morning."

Quite in the courtly style of her age is the tonsorial display of the youthful Mrs. Alexander Hamilton—daughter of the gallant General Schuyler. It appears in a family picture as given above.

Mrs. Ralph Izard—one of the New York Delanceys, appears to have worn her hair over a cushion, when painted by Gainsborough. She was a woman of beauty, wit, and spirit, much admired in America and Europe, nearly a hundred years ago.

Mrs. Charles Carroll—Miss Harriet Chew—in the same age wore her full tresses in graceful *negligee* over her shoulders.

For the treatment of the hair a great many balms, creams, lotions, and greases have been recommended; but cold water, cleanliness, and friction are the best stimulants and beautifiers that we are aware of.

REV. EUGENIO KINCAID,

MISSIONARY TO BURMAH.

IT is now a little more than thirty years since the subject of this notice entered upon his remarkable public career. He had then just finished a course of literary and theological study at Hamilton, New York, now Madison University, and, directing his steps to the interior of Pennsylvania, he soon became known through the Valley of the Susquehanna, and, in fact, through the entire State, as an earnest and remarkably successful preacher of the Gospel. After four years of toil in this field, he resolved to devote his life to the advancement of Christianity among the heathen, and was among the first of that noble missionary band that sought the evangelization of Burmah.

He arrived in Maulmain in 1830, and during the ensuing year, besides employing himself in the study of the language, preached regularly to one of the regiments of the British army, and in this short space of time he was permitted to see about one hundred of the soldiers enlist under the banner of the Cross. In 1833 he made his first visit to Ava—the Royal City. His arrival here was the occasion of intense excitement. The officials, prompted by an idolatrous priesthood, resorted to every possible expedient to prevent him from taking up his residence in that city. No less than thirty charges were preferred against him, and, after a trial which lasted three entire days, he was publicly forbidden to remain. Learning, however, that the King did not sympathize with the Court in its decision, he boldly refused to obey the decree; and though frequently annoyed by those in power, it was not long till he became a welcome visitant at the palace.

About two years subsequent to this he made an exploring expedition into the extreme northern part of the empire, up to the very borders of China. It was when returning from this tour that one of the most thrilling incidents of his history occurred. When about two hundred miles from Ava, he was taken by a band of Burman robbers, who kept him bound and closely watched as their prisoner. On the morning of the seventh day, however, while the entire guard of fifteen men were sleeping, he succeeded in making his escape. But the dangers to which he was exposed in his flight were, if possible, greater than those which threatened him in his captivity. Without a vestige of clothing, and for seven days and nights—most of the time exposed to every conceivable danger from wild beasts—he tracked his way through the jungles, and, in a state of great physical prostration, succeeded in again reaching Ava. The country was now in a state of insurrection, and there appearing to be no prospect of usefulness while the land was suffering the ravages of war, Mr. Kincaid spent the ensuing five years—from 1837 to 1842—in Mergui, in the province of Tenasserim. During these years his efforts were most indefatigable, and resulted in the establishment of four promising churches.

After this he spent several years in Arracan, laboring successfully with the lamented Comstock.

Mr. Kincaid had now been in Burmah more than 12 years, and the health of his wife requiring a change of climate, it was determined that he should make a visit to his native land, which he did in 1843.

During his sojourn here he traveled through nearly every State in the Union, and wherever he went the thrilling appeals made in his addresses awakened in behalf of foreign missions a new and marvelous interest.

In addition to these labors he was also chiefly instrumental in starting the new University of Lewisburg, and, with the assistance of Rev. W. Shadrach, D.D., succeeded in securing to that institution an endowment of $100,000. In 1851 Mr. Kincaid returned to Burmah, but upon his arrival in Rangoon was obliged again to contend with great opposition from the government officials. The King, however, having heard of his return, immediately dispatched an order, which he directed should be read in the town-house, expressing great pleasure at his arrival, with an earnest invitation to come at once to the Golden City.

Upon reaching Ava he was kindly received by the King, who also insisted upon his making that city his permanent abode. From this time his Majesty began to express his desire to have friendly and commercial intercourse opened with three or four of the principal nations of the world. He was especially anxious to do so with the United States. To effect this has been the principal object of Mr. Kincaid's visit; and having accomplished his mission, he is now preparing to leave his native land to spend the remnant of his days among a people for whose good so many noble men have already given their lives.

The portrait accompanying this sketch is from an excellent ambrotype by Bogardus, and our readers will see in it at once the face of a man of mark. The eyes are of a dark-grayish tint, and when animated in discourse, are remarkably piercing; the nose is large, long, and rather prominent; the mouth wide, and marked with strong lines of decision; the chin is projecting; the forehead broad and high; the complexion dark; and the whole expression and bearing of the man are indicative of vast energy, determination, and perseverance. No one, we think, can look upon such a face without seeing in it the index of the man's character; and what he appears to be, that he is—a fearless, generous, whole-souled man!

REV. EUGENIO KINCAID, MISSIONARY TO BURMAH.

ALL FOR LAWN!

I HAVE a dear little wife,
Who is all for "*lawn*,"
For lawn!
Nor satins nor silks will she wear,
And velvets she says she can't bear,
But it's sad to see one so fair
All for lawn,
For lawn!

"If I'm pretty, love," says she,
"Why then adorn?
Why adorn?
Ah! if others only knew
Of beauty the secret, like you,
How soon, my dear, would they too
Be for lawn,
For lawn!

"Let the ugly wear satins and silks
Night and morn,
Night and morn,
For they'll then have something to show;
But as for myself, I know
Just what I'm about when I go
All for lawn,
For lawn!"

And my charming little wife,
Yester-morn,
Yester-morn,
Tapped me gently on the chin,
And asked if I thought her green,
That she from the first had been
All for lawn,
For lawn!

I answered her with a kiss;
But I'll be sworn,
Be sworn
(For it leaked through her glistening eyes),
That it's *because my means suffice*
For naught else, that she gayly cries,
"I'm for lawn,
For lawn!"

LITERARY

Brazil and the Brazilians, portrayed in Historical and Descriptive Sketches, *by Rev. D. P. Kidder, D.D.*, and *Rev. J. C. Fletcher*. Illustrated. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co.

As the world advances—that is, as civilization reaches out its hands and grasps new countries and continents—works like the one before us increase in abundance and are more and more prized. It is interesting to note, in the history of book-making—which is, in fact, the history of civilization—how large a portion of the labor of the types and presses, even from the earliest days, has been devoted to the record of travel adventure, and the description of those countries into which, as yet, but a few adventurous wanderers had penetrated.

The authors of this volume remark in the Preface that the popular notion of Brazil is that it contains palm-trees, rivers, mountains, forests, alligators, and anacondas, *et hoc genus omne*. This was doubtless true until very recently, when, by the aid of similar works, the eager people of our country, wanderers in heart almost every man of them, have learned to look on the southern portion of the continent as containing vast resources for future grandeur, and all the elements necessary to form a great nation—except only the men.

These will come in time. The progress of the age will bring them. Civilization is not to be stopped in its march. Even in India they vastly mistake who suppose that the present question is any thing but one of time and expense, of money and life. The mutiny will be suppressed—at what cost no one can guess; but this is not the age when a barbarous people once subjected to Christian and civilized power can relapse into their former condition. Such a result is not only against the spirit of this period, but against the nature of things, and impossible, until God changes the laws that govern the succession of nations on the earth.

Brazil unquestionably has a great future to be fast developed. South America is the last of the great quarters of the globe to come into the arena of nations. Europe, Asia, Africa, and North America have contributed, in earlier or later periods, to the wealth, the power, the knowledge, and the greatness of man. Hereafter, other diamonds and other gold will be looked for from the southern half of the continent.

But we are overlooking the book itself. It is a valuable and elegant work, carefully prepared, and somewhat elaborately illustrated with colored and other prints. It appears to be a very perfect compendium of information, as well as a very readable book of incident, and eminently adapted to usefulness among all classes of people. The mercantile community will find its coffee and diamond statistics and information worth careful study, while the ladies will read with pleasure the history of the growth of this household nectar, and the pleasant adventures of the authors among the plantations.

The Appendix, among other more valuable matter, contains a poem by the king, Pedro II., written in the album of a maid of honor, of which the translation commences thus:

"If I am pious, clement, just,
I'm only what I ought to be."

The Poetical Works of the late Richard S. Gedney, with a Memoir, etc., *by James Ogden, M.D.*, etc.

It is too frequently the case that the poetry of the unknown dead which is published, is of that kind that would have been much better buried with them. Not so this volume. The author was an American boy, born in Ulster County in this State, sent to England at two years old, and there educated until the time of his death, a year ago, July 15, 1856, at Cheltenham, at the early age of seventeen. The entire volume shows not only a promise of greatness as a poet had the boy lived, but a maturity and a success already, which is not a little surprising. In fact, the book is little less than a miracle when the youth of the author is duly considered. He well says:

Through these pages there lie scattered
Gems whose worth few eyes may see,
Yet a vase, though small and shattered,
If God will, shall hold the sea.

Think the poet not assumptuous,
Howsoever few his years,
Even youth is not presumptuous
When its pride is blent with tears.

And remember, that the morning
Comes before the sun's full ray—
This is but the poet's dawning,
Judge not harshly of his day.

Just before his death he wrote

MY DIRGE.

Let the bell toll! another soul
Has passed the Stygian river;
Without a fear, without a tear,
'Twas render'd to the Giver.

To God's high throne that young heart's moan
"In pity, spare!" ascended—
Now, spared the woe that reigns below,
That mournful prayer is ended.

Sorrow and doom, and fear and gloom,
No more within its vision;
It now doth raise soft hymns of praise
In happiness Elysian!

Over the grave of such a boy not friends alone, but all who admire genius and honor the soul of a true poet, hovever young and inexperienced he was, do well to weep.

We have received No. 1 of Vol. I. of The Polylingual Journal, a magazine in five languages—French, Spanish, Italian, German, and English—published by Hiram G. Sparks, New York. The idea is novel and curious. This number contains part of "Telemaque," in four different languages, in parallel columns. It is elegantly printed, and will doubtless be useful to students, as well as readable by all who understand either of these languages.

Béranger has left in manuscript ninety-five songs and many curious autobiographical memoirs, which are about to be published.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

KANSAS QUIET.

Mr. E. O. Perrin, private secretary of Governor Walker, and General Doniphan, have both arrived at Washington from Kansas. They report the Territory peaceful and quiet, Governor Walker sustained by the conservative men in all parts, and no prospect of bloodshed. The troops are to remain where they are, to act as a *posse comitatus* till after the election. The universal opinion was that the election would pass off quietly.

The Washington *Union* seems to think that Kansas will be a slave State, but does not say where the slaves are to come from.

Governor Robinson has stood his trial and has been acquitted.

THE UTAH EXPEDITION.

Dr. Jacob Forney, of Pennsylvania, having been appointed Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Utah, the list of appointments is now complete, and General Scott is understood to have finally settled, in conjunction with the Secretary of War, the programme for the march of the expedition to Salt Lake. It is not yet settled whether it will be commanded by Colonel Johnson or General Harney. Governor Cumming is now at Fort Leavenworth, waiting for his colleagues.

THE NEW SLOOP-OF-WAR.

Thirteen models for the new sloop-of-war have been sent to the Navy Department by the following builders: Mr. Curtis, of Boston, two; Mr. Cramp, of Philadelphia, one; Mr. Vaugh, of Lynn, one; Mr. Steers, of New York, one; Mr. Westervelt, one; William H. Webb, two; Roosevelt and Joyce, one; Donald M'Kay, of Boston, one; Mr. Townsend, one; Page and Allen, of Portsmouth, one. The models differ very much in form, size, and proportion, varying from fifteen hundred to two thousand tons, those from New York and Boston being largest.

The Department has appointed the following gentlemen to be a Commission to select the model to be adopted: Commodore Stewart, Captain Pendergrast, Commander Hartstein; Naval Constructors Grice, Lenthall, and Hartt; Chief Engineers Gay, Archibold, and Sewell.

THE NICARAGUA TRANSIT ROUTE.

It is reported that two persons, named Jerez and Martinez, claiming to be Dictators of Nicaragua, have granted the transit route to one Don Francisco Panago, who is in this country, and is supposed to be anxious to dispose of it. The other reported grantees are still in the field; but what their prospects are, or how the route is to be opened to commerce and civilization, it is very difficult to state.

IMPORTANT PATENT DECISION.

The question if the Commissioner of Patents is authorized to refund money in the case of a man who, having filed a caveat and paid twenty dollars, demands the return of ten dollars, and in the case of others who having also filed caveats and paid ten dollars additional, making a total of thirty dollars, demand a return of twenty dollars, having come before the Secretary of the Interior, it was referred by him to the Attorney-General for a decision. The latter holds, in the first instance, that there is no provision allowing the caveator to withdraw any portion of the twenty dollars; and, in the second place, that without conforming to the statute in making an application, it can not be said that one has legally been made, consequently it is impossible to withdraw the application before it is made, and that as a caveat is not an application for a patent in any possible sense of the term, it is clear that the Commissioner can not refund a portion of the caveat fee.

MEETING OF THE AMERICAN STATE COUNCIL.

The American State Council met at Brooklyn last week, and appointed Syracuse, 15th September, as the place and time for holding a Nominating Convention for the Fall Election. It was resolved that any change in the organization of the American party in this State was inexpedient. After various debates, without important result, the Council adjourned to meet at Albany on the 4th Tuesday in August, 1858.

THE EMANCIPATION CONVENTION.

The National Emancipation Convention met at Cleveland, Ohio, on 25th ult., and organized on 26th, by the election of Rev. Mark Hopkins, D.D., as President. After much debate, a series of resolutions was passed to the effect that all the slaves in the South should be bought at the rate of $225 each, $150 to be paid by the General Government, and $75 by the States. A society was formed to carry out the idea, and the Convention adjourned. The leading members were Hon. Gerrit Smith, Elihu Burritt, and Professor B. Silliman.

ELECTION ITEMS.

From the latest returns it appears that Stuart, Democrat, has been elected Governor of Missouri, by a slight majority over Rollins, Emancipationist.

Ex-Secretary Guthrie, Ex-Governor Powell, and Linn Boyd are spoken of for the vacant Senatorship from Kentucky.

Governor Jones is to be brought forward for the Tennessee Senatorship.

Judge Lowe, of Keokuk, Iowa, has been nominated by the Republicans for Governor—the election to come off this autumn.

General James Hamilton is spoken of as successor to the late Judge Butler, in the Senate of the United States, from the State of South Carolina.

PERSONAL.

The President is much improved in health by his visit to the Bedford Springs. He devotes himself to official duties with industry and application, but without effort. He works from eight to ten hours a day for five days in the week, but surrenders himself on Saturday and Sunday to repose and devotion at his suburban retreat, visiting the city on Sunday to attend public worship.

Chief Justice Taney, who, some six weeks ago, went to the Fauquier White Sulphur Springs at Warrenton, Virginia, in a debilitated condition, is said to be now in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits, and looking better than he has for many years.

Senator Douglas has received the compliment of an invitation to a public dinner from the citizens of St. Paul, irrespective of party, in recognition of his valuable services in behalf of Minnesota, when Chairman of the Congressional Committee on Territories.

Hon. Richard Kidder Meade, Minister to Rio de Janeiro, will leave this month for Brazil. His instructions, which are now being prepared, are very important, and relate to the negotiation of a new commercial treaty, and the reduction of the rates of the high Brazilian Tariff. Mr. Ranney, of North Carolina, will be appointed Secretary of Legation to Brazil.

Dr. Rufus Wilmot Griswold died at his residence in this city last week, at the age of forty-two. He was born in Rutland county, Vermont, February 15, 1815, and after traveling extensively through Europe and America, was married, and took orders as a minister of the Baptist denomination. He rarely preached, however, but from an early age devoted himself assiduously to literary pursuits. He began by editing a small country newspaper, was afterward associated in the publication of the *New Yorker*, the *Brother Jonathan*, and the *New World*, and in 1842 took charge of *Graham's Magazine*. In the same year appeared his "Poets and Poetry of America." It was followed by the "Poets and Poetry of England in the Nineteenth Century;" "The Prose Writers of America; "The Female Poets of America; "The Sacred Poets of England and America;" "Washington and the Generals of the Revolution;" "Napoleon and the Marshals of the Empire;" "The Republican Court," etc. He was also engaged upon an illustrated Life of Washington at the time of his death. Various miscellaneous publications, in addition to these, testify to his industry. Dr. Griswold's disease was consumption, and his last illness unusually painful and protracted. He leaves two wives and three children, of whom the youngest is a boy, yet in his infancy.

Mrs. Elizabeth Kimball, a well-known lady of Waltham, Massachusetts, the oldest person in the town, died on the 18th ult., at the age of ninety-four. She lived through four generations, and retained to the last her mental and physical powers. She saw the battle of Bunker Hill from a house-top in Charlestown, and also witnessed the battle of Lexington. She was wont to relate with accuracy many of the stirring incidents of the Revolution, of which she was personally cognizant.

Mortimer Livingston, an eminent merchant, died at his residence on Staten Island on 24th ult. He came from noble parentage on both his mother's and father's side. He was the great grandson of Francis Lewis, who was a native of Wales, and a signer of the Declaration of American Independence in 1776. His mother was the only daughter of the late General Morgan Lewis, the son of Francis Lewis. His father was Maturin Livingston, who belonged to the family of that name, so many of whom became distinguished in the historical annals of New York, including Philip, who signed the Declaration of Independence. Having received an excellent education, he early turned his attention to commercial pursuits, and subsequently became a partner with Bolton and Fox in the shipping business, and proprietors of a fine line of New York and Havre sailing packets. At the time of his death he was President of the United States Mail New York and Havre Steamship Packet Line, which comprised at different periods the steamships *Franklin*, *Humboldt*, *Arago*, and *Fulton*, all first class, remarkably well built, and successful steamers. The two first were accidentally lost, while the two latter are still running, and are great favorites with the traveling public.

Mr. Livingston was also, at the time of his death, a director in some of our leading and most respectable moneyed institutions. He was a man, in all the relations of life, whom friends loved, and every man who knew honored and respected him. Of the keenest and highest sense of honor in all his business or other intercourse with his fellow-men, he was esteemed by all. Of a gentle and modest disposition, patient and cool under trials, he at all times and in all places maintained such kind, affable, and obliging manners as to win the respect of even those who competed with him in business, or differed with him in his political or other sentiments. We know of no man whose sudden demise at such an early period of life will be more keenly regretted, and leave a deeper void in society. His disposition was of a most liberal and benevolent character. His hand and his purse were ever open to appeals of charity, and he gave with no niggard feeling, but liberally and bountifully, whether for a famine in Ireland or in Madeira, or elsewhere, or to alleviate suffering in his native city, or to relieve affliction from yellow fever in New Orleans or in Norfolk. He was, in truth and in fact, nature's nobleman, formed for the performance of good and noble deeds. He was in politics a sound, Union-loving, national Democrat. He felt a deep interest in Mr. Buchanan's election, and afforded important aid in effecting that result. But in politics, as in every thing else, his course toward his political opponents was so amiable, so liberal, considerate, and respectful, as to disarm them of all personal hostility. And we have reason to believe that he died as he had lived, *sans peur et sans reproche*, and without an enemy.

Few families of brothers exhibit more talent and enterprise than the Fields, natives of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, but now all occupying prominent positions before the country. Cyrus W. Field, long known as an extensive dealer in paper in the city of New York, has lately rendered his name familiar to the world by his prominent connection with the Ocean Telegraph. Mathew D. Field, State Senator from this county, is also engaged in the same enterprise, and is at this moment cruising with the company's steamer in the vicinity of Trinity Bay, awaiting the arrival of the vessels with the cable and the result of the experiment. David Dudley Field is known as a distinguished lawyer in the city of New York. Stephen J. Field is the Democratic candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court in California. Jonathan E. Field, is an able and prominent lawyer in Stockbridge, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, and if not so widely known is not behind the others in ability. Rev. Henry M. Field, editor of the *Evangelist*, a religious newspaper in the interest of the Presbyterian denomination, is another brother, and brings up with talent and honor the rear of that enterprising family."

Mr. Buchanan voluntarily headed the list of Washington subscribers to the Chesapeake steam ferry project of Honorable A. Dudley Mann.

A young lady in Boston, whose name is not given, but whose bump of Benevolence must be No. 7 (phrenologically), has established a receptacle or hospital, where respectable females of all religions and climes, who are in poor circumstances, might be received and obtain that relief which is forbidden to them in their inconvenient and often unhealthy homes. The vestry of the Channing Church was obtained free of rent, and answered the intended purpose. A few days since a Fair was held upon the estate of Mrs. Thomas Dwight, at Nahant, when the sum of $1428 was collected.

A letter from Geneva says: "Quite an excitement has been occasioned in this region by the ascent of Mount Blanc (the second time it has been made this year) by two Americans, Messrs. A. M. Morrison and James Kent Stone, both sons of Rev. Dr. Stone, of Brookline, Mass. They reached the top at eight o'clock in the morning, and descended the same day. Upon their arrival at Chamounix, they were welcomed by the firing of cannon and the strains of music, the effect of which was greatly aided by some heavy peals of thunder from a storm which occurred very opportunely."

A brakeman on the Central Railroad was pitched off a train the other day by a conductor whose ire he raised by applying the brakes at the wrong moment. The train was running fifteen miles an hour. A gentleman, indignant at the brutality of the conductor, rebuked him, and received a volley of impertinence, whereupon he incontinently knocked over Mr. Conductor, and the passengers' verdict was, "Served him right." The brakeman luckily escaped serious injury.

Rev. Thomas Armitage, D.D., President of the Bible Union, has been appointed by the Board to deliver a discourse at the next Anniversary, upon "The Life and Character of William Colgate, as connected with the cause of Pure Versions."

Eli Thayer has bought of the Corliss Steam-Engine Company, seven steam-engines equal to 540 horse power, to be used for driving saw and grist mills purchased by him and others in Western Virginia.

Rumor says that the anonymous editor of the Richmond *Enquirer* is a son of Governor Wise.

Mr. Blythe, our Consul at Havana, has been to Washington, and is stopping at Willard's. He had a long interview with the Secretary of State, and communicated some matters of importance relative to the condition of affairs in Cuba.

An ex-actor, turned clergyman, Mr. Strickland, has been preaching in Elmira, New York. A local paper says: "One of the most thrilling experiences that we ever heard was related by Mr. Strickland, last Sabbath evening. The incidents, the language, and the elocution held the largest audience in the most rapt attention for over an hour. Mr. and Mrs. Strickland—the well-known 'Fanny Strickland'—after having played successfully in London, and other European cities, came to this land. They were fulfilling a professional engagement in Louisville, Kentucky, when the spirit arrested him."

Charles E. Sinclair has been appointed one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of Utah, *vice* Stiles removed.

Richard Ten Broeck, the owner of Pryor and Prioress, is a native of Albany, and was formerly a messenger boy in the New York Legislature.

The editor of the Buffalo *Catholic Sentinel* visited the State prison at Auburn last week, where he saw Dr. Biegler, who was stitching clothing for the convicts, and appeared a good deal dejected. "The keeper informed us that he takes his situation very hard, being sick a great part of his time, and it is doubtful if he will live long."

Mrs. Catherine Van Rensselaer Cochrane, daughter of Major General Schuyler, the distinguished Revolutionary patriot, recently died at Oswego, where she was residing for the last thirty-three years. She was born in Albany February 20, 1781, and was baptized on the 4th of March, 1781, by the Rev. Ellaedus Westerlo, of the Dutch Reformed Church, this city, General and Mrs. Washington, James Van Rensselaer and Margarita Schuyler being her sponsors in baptism.

Hon. Henry J. Raymond, of the New York *Times*, is out in the papers with an able letter to Archbishop Hughes, who has very vehemently attacked his personal character during his absence in Europe.

M. Lablache, says the London *Chronicle*, of the 10th inst., is so much improved in health that we understand it is not at all improbable he will return to the Italian opera during the approaching season in Paris.

Mr. Meek, of Pennsylvania, declines the appointment of Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

Ascending the White Mountains is no joke. On Saturday, a party of ten left the Glen on foot to make the ascent, and found, after attaining a considerable elevation, that the penetrating mists and terrible cold had not been sufficiently considered at the start. When within a short distance of the summit, one gentleman, not yet inured to the severity of our climate, became separated from his companions, and was so affected by the cold and dampness that he could not shake off that deathly drowsiness always experienced by freezing persons. He lay down in the road, fell asleep, and was only rescued from his peril by the efforts of two others of the party who happened to return in good time.

John Hempstead, who is confined in the Suffolk county prison on a charge of bigamy, is not the brother of Mrs. Cunningham, but her nephew.

The Florence correspondent of the London *Morning Post* tells this good story: "There is a story of an Imperial Highness waltzing thrice in the same evening with an English lady at the Court of Berlin. She naturally felt, and frankly expressed, herself highly flattered by the compliment. 'I did not intend it as a compliment,' was the answer. 'Then,' said the lady, somewhat rebuffed, 'your Highness must be very fond of dancing.' 'I detest dancing,' was the still unsatisfactory response. Undeterred by her ill success, our fair countrywoman still prosecuted her inquiries. 'What then, may I ask, *can* be your Imperial Highness's motive for dancing?' 'Madam,' was the exalted personage's reply, 'I dance to perspire!'"

John Leach, the caricaturist of the London *Punch*, is about to visit the United States.

Two famous Parisian authors received the Cross of the Legion of Honor on the 15th August—MM. Alexandre Dumas, Jr., and Theodore Barrière.

An exchange has a story of a facetious railroad conductor: "A lady who had a boy with her, considerably above the non-paying age, attempted the rather difficult exploit (in the ante-crinoline period) of hiding her precious son under her skirts. 'Uncle John,' who saw more bulk than he could account for by any ordinary theory of personal enlargement, carefully reconnoitred the pile, and, guessing the secret of the lady's extraordinary expansion, proceeded, without saying a word, to collect fare for one passenger and a half, and gave the lady her change, which, without looking it over, she put in her pocket. By-and-by, observing that the boy was still kept in 'durance vile,' 'Uncle John' humanely whispered in her ear, 'You may as well let him out—*you've paid for both!*'"

A Harrisburgh paper says of Hoffman, the poet, who is in the Lunatic Asylum in that city: "His face is shriveled up, and his whole body shows the effects of time and disease. He still retains his fine military bearing, however, and for hours will pace up and down the long aisle of his 'division,' giving orders to his fellows, whom he imagines his soldiers, and 'prepares them for the march.' Then again, at times he will become in a sort of pensive mood, seeming to appreciate his position and mourn over it; but this is seldom. He is generally vigorous and jovial, as he was in days gone by. Every visitor of intelligence who enters the Asylum calls to see Hoffman. He receives them all with a hearty greeting, will ask them to sup and drink with him, and when they leave invite them to 'call often.' On the last occasion that we saw him, after sitting in his cell and indulging in a pleasant chat—no, not pleasant, for the feeling of his condition prevented this—he ordered at several times some of his fellows to fetch wine and glasses. They would just stare at him, and he would seem to forget it, until suddenly the order would be repeated and again forgotten. He generally labors under the idea that his place of confinement is a garrison, of which he is the commander, and is only prevented from enjoying outside by the advice of his physicians. He will frequently endeavor to prevail on the superintendent to grant him liberty to roam through the country for a while, and when this is refused will submit quietly. Hoffman wears a cocked hat continually, and walks with a cane. His appearance bears the mark of eccentricity and genius, but the former may not have been the case before his insanity. His voice is clear, commanding, but still cheerful."

AN IMMENSE FORTUNE TURNING UP.

A fortune of an immense amount, embracing lands, tenements, mines, etc., the majority of which is in New Jersey, has lately been discovered to belong to somebody besides the present holders, by the turning up of some old papers in Camden. It appears that one Judge Thomas Leonard, a resident of Princeton, New Jersey, before the Revolution, became the owner of immense estates, as appears by his will, which is said to be on record in due form, at the office in Trenton, New Jersey, and left those estates to his male descendants as long as the name of Leonard existed; and after the name of Leonard ceased to be, to the female descendants, preferring the males to the females, thereby entailing the property to a time indefinite. The estates have lain to the present time and have become very valuable, embracing about one thousand five hundred acres on Deep Run, toward Amboy; ten thousand acres at the head of Great Egg Harbor River; three hundred and fifty acres in the city of Princeton, extending from the centre of the town along both sides of the road toward Rocky Hill, now called Princeton Street, and embracing some of the finest improvements; six hundred acres on Cape Fear River, North Carolina, a valuable coal-mine in operation on it, and property in various other locations. This may be a happy windfall to the heirs, if they are able to gain possession of the estates, of which they have the most sanguine hopes.

A LITERAL RUNAWAY MATCH.

A capital story is told by a Texas paper of a runaway match that came off in that State. It seems that a couple had resolved to get married, notwithstanding the opposition of parents and relatives of every degree, and securing the co-operation of a friendly clergyman, they all three mounted their horses and set out for a friend's mansion several miles distant, where the rites could be solemnized without interference. They had not gone far, however, before their flight was discovered, and then there was as much mounting, and racing, and chasing as occurred on the occasion of "Young Lochinvar's" celebrated elopement with the Netherby maiden. The lovers and their faithful pastor soon heard the noise of approaching pursuers and gave their horses the spur. But alas! their enemies were better mounted and gained fast upon them. It was evident they would soon be captured, when a felicitous inspiration of the maiden came to their aid. "Can't you marry us as we run?" she shouted to the clergyman. The idea "took," and the pastor at once commenced the ritual. All parties "covered themselves with glory," and just as the bride's father clutched her bridle-rein, the clergyman pronounced the lovers man and wife. When the old gentleman first learned what had been done, he was inclined to be furious; but being a gallant old fellow, and admiring a dashing action, he soon concluded to forgive the runaways, in consideration of the handsome and novel manner in which they triumphed over him.

THE NEW MORMON ALPHABET.

The new Mormon alphabet is Phonetic. Two or three good Phonographic reporters are in Utah, and the sermons which appear in the *Deseret News* are reported by Phonography. Phonotypy is now taught as a means of learning instead of ordinary print in a number of schools in Ohio and Massachusetts. In Utah it is about to be introduced for its own sake, and the power of the Elders will no doubt cause it to be generally adopted, to the ultimate exclusion of the old type.

A CHALLENGE TO ENGLAND.

The Savannah *Georgian* is authorized by responsible gentlemen to make the following challenge—which is open to the world—viz.: To run a match race of four miles and repeat, at such times as may be agreed upon, post entries for $100,000 a side, the horses to carry weight

for age, to be run over the Ten Broeck Course at that place. The *Georgian* adds:

"In order to induce our English friends to accept this banter, we are authorized to say further, that in the event they should do so, and lose the race, five per cent. upon the money staked, or, in other words, $5000, will be allowed them to pay the expenses of their horses.

"The gentlemen by whose authority this challenge is published are all men of respectability and wealth, and the money is ready to be covered by a similar amount from England or elsewhere."

A TALL SNAKE STORY.

A correspondent of a country paper tells the following story: "About three weeks ago five men went to gather whortleberries in the mountainous part of Harlan County, Kentucky, and in their travels discovered a small sink or cave, large enough to admit a barrel. They dropped in a few stones, when their ears were saluted with a loud, rumbling sound, accompanied with a rattling noise; and an enormous serpent made his appearance, blowing and spreading his head, and his forked tongue protruded. The men were struck with wonder and affright; and the atmosphere was filled with a smell so nauseating that three out of the five were taken very sick; the other two, discovering the condition of their companions, dragged them away.

"The next day were mounted some ten of the hardy mountaineers, armed with rifles, determined to destroy the monster. On approaching within one hundred yards of the dwelling of his snakeship, their horses suddenly became restive, and neither kindness nor force could make them go nearer. The men dismounted, and hitching their horses, proceeded on foot, with rifles cocked, to the mouth of the cave. They hurled in three or four large stones, and fell back some fifteen steps, when the same noise was heard as before, and out came the dreaded reptile, ready, as his looks indicated, to crush the intruders. About ten feet of the monster had appeared from the hole, when eight or ten bullets went through his head, and, as he died, he kept crawling out, until twenty feet of that huge boa lay motionless on the ground. It was a rattlesnake, with twenty-eight rattles—the first was four inches in diameter, the rest decreasing in size to the last. With difficulty the men dragged him home, and his skin can be seen by the curious in Harlan County."

A HARD SLEEPER.

A few nights since some fellow entered the house of Mr. Jesse Wright, of Rockville County, Indiana, and robbed the room of Mr. W.'s daughter, who was sleeping in her bed. After plundering as much as he could, he proceeded very coolly to steal the ear-rings out of the ears of the drowsy damsel. Then he pulled the rings off her fingers, and thinking still that he hadn't made the robbery complete, he *cut all the hair off one side of her head.* And he accomplished it all without waking the girl!

TERRIBLE ATTACK BY A BEAR.

We learn from the Troy *Times* that two men were dreadfully torn by a bear in West Troy, near the Basin Dock, Thursday night. It appears that upon the dock there were two large black bears, owned by Mr. Robert Morrison, which were not confined at night, but allowed the range of chains, giving them a circle of from eight to ten feet. About half-past eight o'clock Thursday night, Joseph N. Hervey, an Indian half-breed, who was undoubtedly intoxicated at the time, crawled under a skiff which is turned bottom upward within reach of the animals. While there, he was attacked by the largest bear, which buried its teeth in his left shoulder. Persons from the house at once rushed to his rescue, and after a severe fight got him away, but not until his scalp had been very badly torn, and his shoulder extensively lacerated. He was taken to the County House. The rumor was that he died there about twelve o'clock.

About three o'clock yesterday morning the inmates of the house were aroused by cries of distress proceeding from the vicinity of the bears' quarters. They hastened to the spot and found a man lying upon his back near the skiff, with the same bear which had attacked the half-breed crouching over him, its teeth deeply imbedded in his shoulder. After vainly trying to rescue the man by attacking the bear in the front with clubs, rakes, and knives, a rake was dug deep into one of his haunches, and four men seizing it by main strength pulled him off the man and drew the latter away.

The name of the second man is John Hoey. He is from Rochester, and is supposed to be an engineer on a railroad. His injuries are very severe, and he can not probably recover. His scalp is almost entirely torn off, his left shoulder shockingly lacerated, and his right arm badly cut. He said he was going down to the basin for the purpose of taking a skiff ferry over the river, when he stumbled and fell near the two bears. The bear was killed about four o'clock.

A DOG DYING OF A BROKEN HEART.

A well-known gentleman, and an old citizen, who was quite fond of dogs, and who usually kept several of them about his house, had one in particular that was much attached to him. Some months since the gentleman died suddenly, and from that time his canine friend evinced unmistakable signs of grief at his loss, and seemed utterly inconsolable. He would not eat with any degree of heartiness, and gradually pined away until he became a mere skeleton.

He often manifested symptoms of affection for a *robe de chambre* his master had been in the habit of wearing, and when permitted to lie down upon that article of dress, appeared as contented as he could be in his bereavement. The devoted dog grew thinner and thinner every day, and about two months after his master's decease, died of the same disease and at the same hour precisely.

THE GREAT BREACH OF PROMISE CASE IN BOSTON.

Some years ago Dr. Amos Binney, of Mount Vernon Street, married an accomplished lady, a cousin, bearing the same surname. The families of both were wealthy, and the united fortunes swelled the aggregate to a highly respectable monetary figure—sufficient, at all events, to place the pair beyond the prospect of future want. It is true, unfortunate speculations at one time reduced the fortune of the Doctor some $200,000; but he rapidly recovered that amount in other speculations which turned out more successfully. Mr. and Mrs. Binney lived in all the enjoyment of connubial felicity for many years, when it pleased Providence to call away the Doctor to another and a better world. The widow was left with all the charms of a ripe and graceful womanhood, and all the golden beauties of an ample and unincumbered fortune. The season for mourning over, in due time a trip to Europe was proposed. The party was composed of several Boston ladies and gentlemen distinguished for their wealth and social position, the names of whom it is unnecessary to give. It is sufficient to say that they were the *élite* of Boston society, and our readers may imagine the style of the entire tour. In the course of their rambles they, of course, visited Italy, and the widow's heart was touched with a youthful and undying flame of attachment to one Moses Inglee, a Bostonian, now living in Dorchester, we believe, and a hearty, good-looking specimen of a Yankee gentleman, numbering an existence of some forty-five summers. Letters passed between the parties of a sufficient warmth to attest the character of the attachment that had sprung up in that love-burdened realm—an open avowal took place—Mr. Inglee proposed, was accepted, and the inseparable knot was to be tied on the return home after the European tour. Mr. Inglee, in expectation of the reward in store for him, proceeded, immediately after declaration, to assume the responsibility of several little pecuniary liabilities, and indulged in several excusable fancies, that the truth of the Scriptural injunction, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it will return to thee after many days," could not be doubted.

The party returned home. The widow came to Boston, jilted Moses, and married, some six months since, the venerable physician and surgeon, George Hayward, of Pemberton Square. Very naturally, after concluding not to blow his brains out or take to the intoxicating bowl, the disappointed lover swore vengeance. But how was it to be accomplished?

He engaged the Hon. Rufus Choate and the Hon. Peleg W. Chandler to commence a suit at law against Dr. Hayward, in behalf of his wife, for breach of promise of marriage, and laid damages at $25,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

ON the 13th, in the House of Lords, the Marquis of Clanricarde asked the Government whether they would lay on the table certain papers to show the steps taken in pursuance of the promises of the great European Powers, recorded in the protocol of the conference of Paris, relative to the Danubian provinces, and calculated to explain the course adopted by the Government in these matters. Lord Clarendon, after entering into a history of the recent occurrences at Constantinople, stated that the papers asked for had been confidentially communicated to each of the Powers who were parties to the Treaty of Paris, and the Government did not consider that they would be justified in producing them. The Commons were engaged in protracted debates on the Divorce bill; its opponents fighting against it step by step, and the Government equally determined in pressing it forward.

On the 14th, the affairs of India were debated in the House of Lords, without any important developments being made. In the House of Commons the subject of railways to India attracted attention; but the Government refused to mix itself up in these projects. Mr. Gladstone censured Lord Palmerston for his political opposition to the Suez canal; but the latter reiterated his objections to the scheme. On the 14th ultimo, the Chancellor of the Exchequer obtained leave to bring in a bill continuing for two years from April next the present duties on tea and sugar. Mr. Disraeli called for, and Mr. Vernon Smith promised the production of the act passed by the Supreme Council in Calcutta, with other documents relating to the restriction lately established upon the press in India. The latter gentleman explained that the restriction act was passed only for a single year. Lord Palmerston, in reply to an inquiry, stated that there was to be a mutual conference of the different Powers of Europe for the purpose of placing the commerce of Turkey in a more favorable position.

FAILURE OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The Atlantic cable was lost at a quarter before four o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 11th ult., after having paid out successfully 335 nautical miles of the cable, and lost 100 miles of it in water over two miles in depth, and the greater part of this at the rate of rather more than five knots an hour. At the time the accident occurred there was a heavy swell on. The *Niagara* was going at the rate of four knots per hour, and as the engineer thought the cable was running out in too great a proportion to the speed of the ship, he considered it necessary to direct the brakes to be applied more firmly, when, unfortunately the cable parted at some distance from the stern of the ship. The *Agamemnon*, *Niagara*, and *Susquehanna* remained a short time where the cable parted, to try some experiments in the deep water of that part of the Atlantic (two thousand fathoms), which it is considered will be of great value to the Telegraph Company. The *Cyclops* was sent back with dispatches to Valentia, and to join the *Leopard* at Portsmouth.

ACCOUNT OF THE DISASTER.

The correspondent of the *Herald* on board the *Niagara* thus describes the parting of the cable: "This has been a sad day. We had retired full of hope, not, it is true, unmixed with a sort of dread that there was something still worse than what had yet happened impending over the enterprise. This morning, about four o'clock, we were awakened out of our sleep to hear the cable had parted in over two thousand fathoms water. Five minutes after it had been announced every one was out of his bed to ascertain for himself if it was indeed true. There was, however, no reason to doubt, for there hung the broken end over the stern swinging loosely, and there were the wheels as motionless as a rock. The other end had not yet sunk to the bottom; it had to descend more than two miles before it reached the plateau, and it would require more time to accomplish that. The noise that sounded like pleasant music in our ears had ceased, and the machine which had caused us so much anxiety had now become as so much useless lumber, blocking up the quarter deck. The cause of the calamity was the application of the brakes, at a time when it was almost fatal to use them. There was a pretty heavy swell on, and as usual under such circumstances, the stern of the vessel was elevated or depressed as she rose on each wave. It was while her stern was down that the brakes were put on, so that in addition to the strain produced by its rising again, the cable had to bear an additional strain of three thousand pounds, as marked upon the indicator. This was more than it could bear, and the consequence was that it parted, as has been stated. The moment the brakes were used the wheels stopped, and when the stern rose again they remained immovable, so that, between the strain brought upon the cable by the vessel and that caused by the application of the brakes, it had, as I have said, to bear more than it was ever calculated to sustain. The indicator showed a strain of three thousand pounds; but it is impossible to calculate the strain by which it was broken. Had the brake not been applied there is no doubt whatever that the cable would have remained perfect to the end unless we were compelled by very great stress of weather to cut it. The circumstance, to say the least of it, was most unfortunate; but if the enterprise has failed, the expedition has proved one thing beyond all possibility of doubt, the practicability of laying a submarine telegraph cable across the Atlantic between Ireland and Newfoundland. Of this every man on board is as fully convinced as he is of his own existence, whether it be laid next year or its accomplishment be postponed for fifty years to come."

MR. BRIGHT IN PARLIAMENT AGAIN.

Mr. Bright, whose defeat was one of the most striking incidents of the late election, has been elected member for Birmingham. He has issued the following address to his constituents:

"GENTLEMEN,—Your respected chief magistate has informed me, by telegraph, that he has this day declared me to be duly elected one of your representatives in Parliament, and I have learned from other sources that such was the feeling manifested in my favor that no other candidate was presented to you at the hustings, and that, therefore, my election has been without contest or opposition from any quarter. When I addressed you, two days ago, I had no expectation of a result so speedy and so tranquil of the then impending struggle; I accept it as a conclusive proof of the bias of your political views, and of a confidence in me which I shall strive to maintain undiminished. It is a matter of real regret to me that I have not been able to be with you during the past week, and at the hustings this day; I shall hope, however, that on some not distant occasion I may be permitted to meet you in your noble Town Hall, and to become more intimately acquainted with a constituency from whom I have received an honor as signal as it was unexpected, and toward whom I can never entertain other feelings than those of respect and gratitude. My heartfelt thanks for your kindness, which I trust I may have the health and the opportunity in some measure to repay."

A TERRIBLE EXECUTION.

The convict George Jackson, who, with Charles Brown, since respited, was sentenced to death for the murder of Mr. Charlesworth at Abbott's Bromley, has suffered death in front of the county jail of Stafford, when, in addition to the usual terrible character of a public execution, a horrible scene was enacted on the gallows. When the unhappy man was made acquainted with the fact that his fellow-prisoner was to be spared and himself hung, he gave way to one of those fearful paroxysms of grief to which he has been subject more or less since his condemnation; and when on Thursday he was visited by his aged parents, three sisters, and a brother-in-law, the scene was one of a most distressing character, and exceeded any thing of the kind ever previously witnessed within the prison walls. The fearful intensity of his grief when he bade a last adieu to his wretched parents was truly touching, and drew tears from the eyes of the jailers, who were compelled to separate them from their fated son by force. So bitter was the feeling that "he should see their face no more," that it was for a while feared his naturally weak mind would lose its equilibrium and leave him a maniac. The poignant sorrow which he experienced almost entirely robbed him of physical strength. Shortly before eight in the morning the various authorities of the jail proceeded to the condemned cell, where they found the unhappy man in a most pitiable condition, sobbing violently, and evincing unmistakable signs of sincere repentance. He was informed that the fatal moment had arrived, when he sank to the ground overwhelmed with grief; and while the process of pinioning was proceeding the spectacle was truly heart-rending. In almost an insensible state he was carried from the condemned cell toward the scaffold, but upon reaching which he began to struggle most violently, and cried, sobbed, and shrieked in a manner that struck awe into the breasts of all present. When the cap was placed over his face he again struggled and succeeded in pulling it off. At length, however, the fatal preliminaries were concluded, and the bolt was drawn. The unhappy man struggled most violently, and death did not appear to take place for several minutes. During the whole of the morning, and at the time of the execution, the rain was descending in torrents, but nevertheless there was a large concourse of persons present.

ANOTHER MERMAID.

The declaration of two fishermen on the Argyleshire coast appears in the *Shipping Gazette*. They say: "We, the undersigned, do declare that on Thursday last, the 4th of June, 1857, when on our way to the fishing station, Lochindahl, in a boat, and when about four miles southwest from the village of Port Charlotte, being about six P.M., we distinctly saw an object, about six yards from us, in the shape of a woman, with full breast, dark complexion, comely face, and fine hair hanging in ringlets over the neck and shoulders. It was above the surface of the water to about the middle, gazing at us and shaking its head. The weather being fine, we had a full view of it, and that for three or four minutes.—John Williamson, John Cameron.—Islay, June 9, 1857."

HEROES AND CASH FOR INDIA.

The mail steamer for India, to sail on the 19th of August, would take out about a million pounds sterling in silver. General Windham, "the hero of the Redan," was among her passengers. He goes out to assume an important command in the army.

A SHERIFF ON ROPE DANCING.

A sly Scotch paper observes, with mock approval: "Our ever-active sheriff, Mr. Gordon, although blamed sometimes for taking the business of his office easy, is ever at his post when a strong emergency arises, and accordingly on Saturday we find him at the Zoological Gardens to recreate after the toils of the week, and desirous, no doubt, to witness the daring feat of a rope dancer, Mme. Rossini, who was to ascend a tight rope sixty feet; but, as the wind was gusty and the weather doubtful, he then and there issued the following interdict to the manager:

"'*Half-past 9, p. m.*

"'SIR,—Considering the weather and the uncertain and heavy gusts of wind, I feel it to be a public duty to interdict and forbid, as I hereby do, the ascent of the tight rope this evening by Mme. Rossini. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"'J. T. Gordon, Sheriff of Mid-Lothian.'"

A TOAD IN A BOY'S STOMACH.

A correspondent communicates the following highly probable story to a Manchester paper: "About three o'clock yesterday morning, a boy, nine years of age, named Jonathan Micklethwaite, son of William Micklethwaite, farm-laborer, Alverthorpe, near Wakefield, parted with a toad. The reptile, which was alive, was put into a basin of water, and has since become much swollen. Its body now measures about three and a half inches long, two broad, and in color is dark-brown streaked with black. The boy for some weeks past has been worn almost to a skeleton, and perfectly ravenous in regard to food, constantly eating, and never seeming satisfied. The medical attendant on the family says the boy must have swallowed the toad in the spawn."

FRANCE.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW LOUVRE.

The restored Louvre was inaugurated on the 14th ult. The ceiling was hung with flags of various colors and forms, and the walls were covered up half their height with the tapestry of the Gobelins. The floor was covered with rich carpeting, and lines of benches of crimson velvet, rising over each other, were placed on both sides. On the right were the seats reserved for the Senators, Deputies, Councilors of State, and other civil functionaries. The officers of the army were accommodated on the upper benches to the left; lower down sat the ladies and the other persons invited to the ceremony, among whom was a considerable number of the working-classes, particularly those employed in the building of the Louvre. Along the walls were affixed escutcheons, surmounted by eagles and supported by flags, and displaying the initials of the Emperor. About one o'clock the Ministers, the Marshals of France, Generals of Division, and great functionaries of State began to arrive. Marshal Pelissier was early in attendance. He was at once recognized. His hair, white as snow, cut close, and contrasting with his black eyebrows and mustache, dark eyes, face bronzed by the sun of Africa, and determined expression of countenance, has long made him familiar to the public. He wore his marshal's uniform, with the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor, the star of the Bath, the Crimean medal, and numerous other orders. Marshal Bosquet, who, by-the-way, is growing very bulky, followed soon after, and then Marshal Canrobert, short, bulky, and good-natured-looking, his face, as usual, uplifted, and his eyes continually in motion, as if the gallant Gascon was anxious to have a chat with every one they lighted upon. At half past one all the great personages of the day had arrived. Exactly at two o'clock the drums beat to arms, as a signal that the Emperor, punctual to a moment, as ever, was approaching, and a cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" from the crowd below announced that he was already at the entrance. The buzzing of conversation was at once hushed, and all turned in silence toward the entrance. M. Fould, Minister of State and of the imperial household, was at the gates to receive him. In a few minutes the Grand Chamberlain called out "*L'Empereur!*" and the next moment his Majesty, in military uniform, made his appearance.

THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

After the transaction of the business of the day, the Emperor spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen—I congratulate myself, with you, on the completion of the Louvre. I congratulate myself especially upon the causes which have rendered it possible. In fact, it is order, restored stability, and the ever-increasing prosperity of the country, which have enabled me to complete this national work. I call it so because the governments which have succeeded each other have made it a point to do something toward the completion of the royal dwelling commenced by Francis I. and embellished by Henry II. Whence this perseverance, and even this popularity, in the building of a palace? It is because the character of a people is reflected in its institutions as in its customs, in the events that excite its enthusiasm, as well as in the monuments which become the object of its chief interest. Now France, monarchical for so many centuries, which always beheld in the central power the representative of her grandeur and of her nationality, wished that the dwelling of the sovereign should be worthy of the country, and the best means of responding to that sentiment was to adorn that dwelling with the different master-pieces of human intelligence. In the Middle Ages the King dwelt in a fortress bristling with defensive works; but soon the progress of civilization superseded battlements, and the produce of letters, of the arts and sciences, took the place of weapons of war. Thus the history of monuments has also its philosophy as well as the history of events. In like manner that it is remarkable that at the time of the first Revolution the Committee of Public Welfare should have continued, without being aware of it, the work of Louis XI., of Richelieu, of Louis XIV., giving the last blow to the feudal system and carrying out the system of unity and centralization, the constant aim of monarchy—in like manner is there not a great lesson to learn in beholding the idea of Henry IV., of Louis XIII., of Louis XIV., of Louis XV., of Louis XVI., of Napoleon, as regards the Louvre, adopted by the ephemeral power of 1848? One of the first acts, in fact, of the provisional government was to decree the completion of the palace of our Kings. So true is it that a nation draws from its antecedents, as an individual derives from his education, ideas which the passions of a moment do not succeed in destroying. When a moral impulse is the consequence of the social condition of a country it is handed down through centuries, and through different forms of government, until the object in view is attained. Thus the completion of the Louvre, toward which I thank you for your co-operation, given with so much zeal and skill, is not the caprice of a moment, but it is the realization of a plan conceived for the glory, and kept alive by the instinct, of the country for more than 300 years."

CONDEMNATION OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

Tibaldi, Bartolotti, and Grilli have been found guilty, and sentenced, two of them to deportation for fifteen years, the other to the galleys for life.

Since their condemnation they have been kept in the Prison Mazas, and are placed, as before, in separate cells. They appear all greatly discouraged, and especially Tibaldi; and he alone, it is said, contemplates an appeal to the Court of Cassation. The formalities to be observed in the proceedings against Mazzini, Ledru Rollin, Campanelli, and Massarenti will occupy about three weeks, so that their case can not be brought before the Court of Assizes until the first session in September. As in all charges against contumacious persons, the proceedings before the Court will be very brief, and the decision will be given without the participation of a jury. It is said that Ledru Rollin intends to address a long letter, or rather a species of memoir, to the President of the Court of Assizes, but no account can be officially taken of it.

A Paris letter says: "It is generally asserted, and believed in well-informed quarters here, that in case the Government succeed in procuring the conviction, during his absence, for contumacy, of Ledru Rollin, a demand will at once be made to the British Cabinet, under the Extradition Treaty, for the apprehension and surrender of that individual. No one doubts that a conviction will be readily obtained, the intervention of a jury in such cases not being necessary. It is further stated that already communications on this subject of a private sort have passed between Count Walewski and Lord Cowley, and the latter has, it is believed, admitted that such a conviction would bring Ledru Rollin within the provisions of the Extradition Treaty. It is added that Ledru Rollin either has already left, or intends to leave, England for the United States."

AN ALGERIAN STORY.

Some three or four months ago a little scandal enlivened the dullness of African coteries. It was a tale of a French General holding a high command in Africa, who had been dunned by an Arab for some money which he owed to him. The officer not being able to repudiate the debt, as there were proofs of its existence, declared his inability to pay it. (It's a way they have in the army.) The Arab became importunate, whereupon the officer hit upon the happy expedient of getting a band of Arabs to aid him in stopping the diligence, which was to convey the Arab chief to the races at Tlemcen, where he had threatened to ask for his money publicly. This plan was well conceived and still better executed. The French Captain Doisneau and a band of eighteen Arabs surrounded the diligence as it left the town of Tlemcen, shot the leaders, cut the traces, left the horses plunging on the road, and then shot the unfortunate creditor, the Aga Ben Abdallah, with his secretary Hamadi, and a man named Valette. When this account first appeared it was denounced as a scandalous invention, a vile imputation on the French army, but Captain Doisneau is now on his trial before the Court of Oran, with his eighteen Arab confederates for this triple murder, and the military authorities have been unable to stifle the cry for justice, which has been heard from one end of the country to the other.

THE CHAPEL OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT PARIS.

Parliament has refused, by a vote of 135 to 47, to ratify the purchase of this chapel by the British Government. Its story is as follows:

"Some fifteen years ago Bishop Lascombe, Chaplain to the British Embassy, built a chapel at his own cost—£6000—receiving a franc for each admittance. When nearly eighty years of age he offered to consign this chapel to the British Government on its agreeing to grant him an annuity of £1000. This was declined, and Mr. Chamier—a gentleman who, after forty years of age, and spending the best part of his life as a civil servant of the East India Company, had, somehow or other, contrived to get himself ordained—became the purchaser. He paid one-half of the first year's annuity—namely, £500—and the Bishop died. The government was annoyed at having let the bargain slip; but there was no remedy. Mr. Chamier now demanded no less than £40,000 for his purchase. It was considered impossible, not only on account of the price—the late Joseph Hume being then in the ascendant—but on principle, for the British government now to interfere, the House of Commons being composed of representatives of all persuasions, and bound, by a minute in council, to favor no form of worship in preference to another. Mr. Chamier went on, therefore, gleaning his £1000 a year from British and American residents; and the embassy was fain to have divine service, as before the building of the chapel, in its own house. A few months ago, however, the Americans, hearing that Mr. Chamier was still desirous of effecting the sale, purchased the chapel of him for £9000, and would thus have had their Divine service under the very threshold of the British Embassador. This was not to be borne; and spite of minutes in council, absolutely forbidding the purchase—spite of the danger of arousing a sectarian spirit in the House of Commons, the Premier, through his embassador, managed to get it out of the hands of the Americans, and make the purchase, which now the House of Commons has refused to ratify.

A SPECULATOR SELLING HIS SOUL.

An individual was taken up by the police of Paris a few nights ago for creating a disturbance in the house where he resided. It appears that the neighbors had been prevented for some nights past from enjoying their rest by the fearful noise which issued at midnight from the room inhabited by the prisoner. The police forced open the door, and discovered the man dancing about the room and uttering strange words. A work on necromancy was open on the table, while skulls and other objects, supposed to be more or less connected with popular notions of magic, were lying about the room. The man, on being called to account, stated that he had lost money on the Bourse, and was invoking Satan to assist him. In order to corroborate his assertion, he displayed a contract drawn up in legal form, wherein he consented to sell his soul, in return for certain advantages to be distinctly defined by the purchaser. The man was taken to prison, where his sanity will be carefully tested.

GERMANY.

THE NEW ARCHDUCHESS.

A letter from Vienna says: "The presentation of the diplomatic corps to the Archduchess Charlotte (of Belgium) took place at one yesterday. The impression produced by her imperial Highness on all those persons who had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with her was extremely favorable, and her talent as a linguist excited general admiration. The youthful bride, who speaks French, German, English, and Italian with equal correctness and facility, was so easy in her manners, and so graceful in her movements, that his Majesty the Emperor declared his new sister-in-law to be one of the most charming persons he had ever seen. After the "Drawing Room" there was a grand dinner at court.

INDIA.

AN ACCOUCHEMENT DURING THE TERRORS AT MORADABAD.

On the 3d of June, at Moradabad, amidst the terrors of mutiny, the wife of Captain M. B. Whish, 29th Regiment, Bengal Native Infantry, gave birth to a son, and on the same day, with all the officers and their families, escaped to Nynee Tal, a hill-station distant about sixty-five miles, which they reached in safety on the 5th at 11 A.M. They fled with only the clothes on their backs, having been plundered of every thing. One naich, one drummer, two sergeants and their wives, six Sepoys, and two or three servants accompanied them. One hour previously all the civilians started for Meerut, where they arrived safely.

THE VALLEY OF THE AMAZON.

LIEUTENANT HERNDON'S EXPLORATIONS.

A journey from the source to the mouth of the Amazon, like that performed by Lieutenant Herndon, U.S.N., during the years 1851-'52, was then considered a most surprising feat. Now the task would be less arduous, for steamers ascend the river to a distance of 2000 miles above Para. In a few years, perhaps, it will be as common an event to travel up the Amazon as up the Mississippi or the St. Lawrence. For the day must come when this vast wilderness—capable of sustaining and enriching millions—will be thrown open to cultivation and civilization; when its natural products, rivaling in wealth and variety those of the Indies, shall, by the genius of commerce, be brought to the homes of distant people.

It is to be regretted that the instructive narrative of Lieutenant Herndon's exploration has not appeared in a form more inviting to the general reader than the official report through which the results of his expedition were communicated to the Government. The report itself is deeply interesting; but comparatively few can have access to its pages; and, under these circumstances, it may not be unprofitable to give a brief outline of Lieutenant Herndon's travels over the South American continent.

The route selected by Lieutenant Herndon as the one best calculated to further the object in view, was from Lima across the Cordillera in an easterly direction, as far as Tarma, and thence north to Tingo Maria on the Huallaga, one of the Peruvian tributaries of the Amazon. From this point canoe navigation was obtained, and, after seven hundred miles of travel, the grand stream, which there bears the name of Marañon, was reached. Lieutenant Gibbon, also of the United States Navy, was the companion of Lieutenant Herndon during a portion of the journey; but they separated at Tarma—the former undertaking the task of exploring the Bolivian tributaries, and the latter the head-waters and main trunk of the Amazon.

The journey over the Cordillera is accomplished on mules. During the dry season there is not more than the hardship of exposure, fatigue, and ordinary danger to encounter. But during the heavy rains that prevail at certain seasons of the year, to cross the Cordillera is a difficult and hazardous enterprise. Here and there an apology for a road may be discovered; but, owing to the indolence of the people, the paths are obstructed by fallen trees and rocks; nor have they been altered or in any manner improved since they were first hewn out of the wilderness by the Incas. The ascents and descents are often precipitous, and the road in such places winding along the mountain-side, is only wide enough for two beasts to pass abreast. It was while riding along one of these narrow ascents that an accident had very nearly proved fatal to at least one of Lieutenant Herndon's party. The road was cut out of the mountain-side; on the one hand rose a perpendicular wall, on the other was a sheer precipice of many hundred feet. Mr. Gibbon was riding ahead. Just as he was about to turn a sharp bend, the head of a bull peered round it on the descent. When the bull came in full view, he stopped, and the heads of other cattle could be seen clustering over his quarters. The shouts of cattle-drivers were heard, far behind, urging on their herd. Lieutenant Herndon was abreast of a slight natural excavation or hollow in the mountain-side, and dismounting, placed his shoulder against the mule's flank and pressed her into this friendly retreat. There was no such escape for Gibbon, who had passed it. The bull, with lowered crest and savage, sullen look, came slowly on, and actually got his head between the perpendicular rock and the neck of Gibbon's mule. His fate, indeed, seemed sealed; but the sagacious beast on which he was mounted, pressing her haunches hard against the wall, gathered her feet close under her, and turned as upon a pivot. This placed the bull upon the outside, and he rushed by at a gallop, followed by the rest of the herd, though there was just barely room to pass. Such is a specimen of the roads, and such are the dangers which the traveler must encounter if he would cross the Cordillera.

Ascending from the district called the Coast to that of the Sierra, the weather becomes cooler, and the climate is one of eternal spring. Ascending still higher, the weather grows cold and colder, until the traveler is encircled by the snow-covered peaks of the Andes. One of the last villages on the Pacific slope is San Mateo, containing some five or six hundred inhabitants, and situated on both sides of the Rimac, at an elevation of ten thousand two hundred feet above the level of the sea. The people live in poverty and filth. Here the costume of the women is different from that of the women of the Coast. It consists of a very narrow skirt, and a body of coarse woolen cloth, generally blue, which comes from Lima, and is belted round the waist with a broad figured woolen belt, woven by themselves. A woolen apron, with a figured border, is worn on the left side, hanging from the right shoulder by a strap; and in the cold of the

LLAMAS TRAVERSING THE ANDES LADEN WITH SILVER.

INDIAN WOMAN WITH MONKEY.

ZAPARO FISHERMAN.

SAN MATEO, ON THE CORDILLERA.

morning and evening the shoulders are covered with a thick colored blanket, reaching to the hips. A high, broad-brimmed straw hat, with shoes of raw hide, drawn with a string round the ankle, and no stockings, complete the costume.

The great mining region of Peru is now entered. One hacienda visited by Herndon was managed by a superintendent and three major-domos, and employed about 40 working hands. In these haciendas the process of getting the silver from the ore is performed, and the metal is then sent to Lima for the Mint, or for exportation. In one of the principal mines, called Santa Rosa, the bottom of the shaft is five hundred and twenty feet below the mouth of it. The ore, after it is brought to the surface, is sent to the hacienda on the backs of llamas or mules. The sight of a drove of llamas thus engaged is quite an imposing one. The leader, elected on account of his superior height, has his head decorated with tufts of colored woolen fringe, hung with little bells; and his extreme height (often six feet) and gallant and graceful carriage make him a most striking object. Upon pressing him he bounds aside, either up or down the cliff, and is followed by the herd, scrambling over places that would be impassable for either the mule or the ass. They travel immense distances, but by short stages—not more than nine or ten miles a day. It is necessary in long journeys to have double the number required to carry the cargo, so as to give them relays. The burden of the llama is about one hundred and thirty pounds; he will not carry more, and will be beaten to death rather than move when he is overladen or tired. The males only are worked; the females are kept for the breed. They appear gentle and docile, but when irritated they have a very savage look, and spit at the object of their anger with great venom. Were any care taken in the rearing of these wild sheep of Peru, the country might draw a great revenue from the sale of their wool.

It was here that Lieutenant Herndon fairly entered the field of his operations. At the copper-mines of Morococha, where the elevation is sixteen thousand and forty-four feet, though not yet sixty miles from the sea, he had passed the great "divide" which separates the waters of the Atlantic from those of the Pacific. The last steps of his mule had made a striking change in his geographical relations—so suddenly and so quickly had he been cut off from all connection with the Pacific, and placed upon waters that, through thousands of miles, found their way to the Atlantic. Behind, in forbidding grandeur, towered the crests and peaked summits of the Andes, clad in the garb of eternal winter. Before him lay an immense field, embracing an area of thousands upon thousands of square miles, where the footfall of civilized man had never been heard—with all the climates of the world, so to speak, piled one upon another, and with all the natural productions of such a compass. Such is the valley of the Amazon. For, descending from the summits of the Cordillera, the land of eternal winter, the traveler encounters barley and potatoes, best grown in a cold, and farther on, wheat, rye, maize, clover, and tobacco, products of a temperate region. Descending still toward the plain, the eye, from the temperate zone, is held with wonder and delight by the beautiful and strange productions of the torrid. Here are found the coffee-bush, the plantain, the sugar-cane, the cocoa, the vanilla, and fruits of the finest quality and most luscious flavor. Farther on, and descending always, the soil evinces the condition of being subjected, with occasional showers, to the influence of a tropical sun. There is a marvelous fecundity of soil and rapidity of vegetation. Trees, evidently young, shoot up to such a height that no fowling-piece will reach the game perched upon their topmost branches, and with such rapidity, that the roots have not strength or sufficient hold to support their weight. This is the country of rice, of sarsaparilla, of India-rubber, of dyes of the gayest colors, of drugs of rare virtue, of variegated cabinet-woods of the finest grain, and susceptible of the highest polish. It is only as you approach the mouth of the gigantic river that you begin to experience any of the evil influences of the tropics, or find the epidemics that cling so fatally to the Brazilian coasts. It is not surprising that, in the contemplation of such a subject, Lieutenant Herndon should have been profoundly impressed with its magnitude and importance.

Two days' journey from the mines of Morococha, a tedious descent, brings the traveler to Tarma, a town of some seven thousand inhabitants, beautifully situated in an amphitheatre of mountains, which are clothed nearly to the top with waving fields of barley. In Tarma the necessaries, and some of the luxuries, of civilization can be obtained; and from the salubrity of its climate it is resorted to by many of the sickly people of Lima. From this place Lieutenant Herndon made a separate expedition into the valley of the Chanchamayo, as far as Fort San Ramon—a distance of some forty-five miles. The climate of this valley is the most beautiful in the world—never very hot, and never cold; and among the productions of the soil are the sugar-cane, the cocoa-bush, tobacco, coffee, cotton, yucca, plantains, and a great variety of fruits. From fear of the Indians the country is not settled; but if proper protection was afforded to emigrants, there is little doubt that the settle-

MOUNT PUYPUY, HIGHEST POINT OF THE CORDILLERA.

MINER OF THE CERRO PASCO.

HUNTER OF THE UCAYALI.

THE MINING DISTRICT OF CERRO DE PASCO.

ments would be pushed to the navigable head-waters of the Ucayali, and the people would find purchasers for the rich products of their lands at their very doors. It was, indeed, to afford protection to the cultivators of farms in its rear that Fort Ramon was constructed in 1847, under the direction of President Castilla. But the Indians, though they have abandoned all idea of reconquering the territory they have lost, are determined to dispute the passage of the rivers, and any attempt at further conquest. They never show themselves now in person, but make their presence evident by occasionally setting fire to the woods and grass on the hillsides, and discharging their arrows at any incautious person who may wander near the banks of the river.

The Indian arrows are so heavy that, at a distance of twenty or thirty yards, it is necessary to discharge them at an elevation, so that they shall describe a curve in the air; and it is wonderful to see with what precision the owners will calculate the arc, and regulate the force so that the arrow shall fall upon the object. On the Amazon, many fish and turtle are taken with bows and arrows. An Indian in a canoe discharges an arrow in the air; it describes a parabola and lights upon the back of a fish, which the unpracticed eye has not been able to see. The barb with which the arrow is armed ships on the end of it, and is held in its place by a cord which wraps around the shaft of the arrow and is tied to its middle. The plunge of the fish shakes the arrow clear of the barb; the cord unwinds, and the arrow floats upon the water—an impediment to the fish and a guide to the fisherman, who follows it till the animal is dead. The motion of the arrow is so slow, and it is so readily seen in its course, that there would be no danger from the reception of single arrow-shots in front, for an abundance of time is allowed to step aside and avoid them.

A journey of about sixty miles from Tarma brings the traveler to the celebrated silver-mines of Cerro Pasco.

On leaving the Cerro and ascending the hills that encircle it on the north, the Eastern Andes appear in sight.

In the country now entered the traveler begins to experience some of the annoyances of a tropical climate. The appearance of insects, nearly all of which sting, is first noticed. Mosquitoes appear in dense swarms, and amount to a perfect plague. The bat is an object to be abhorred. It is of the vampire species, and will measure two feet across the extended wings. Its mouth is amply provided with teeth, looking like that of a miniature tiger, and the nostrils seem fitted as a suction apparatus. These disgusting creatures fasten upon either man or beast, and gorge themselves with the blood of their victim. Snakes and reptiles abound in this region; also monkeys about the size of a terrier dog. The monkey is a favorite dish with the Indian, and the liver, especially, is considered, as it really is, a great delicacy. Among the denizens of the forest the tiger is conspicuous. It is spotted somewhat like a leopard, and is neither so large nor so ferocious as the African tiger; but when hungry it is sufficiently dangerous, and no one cares to bring him to bay without good dogs and a good gun.

Among the great variety of birds in this region is one to which, from its plaintive, despairing note, the name of *el alma perdida* has been given. In connection with this the following legend is told. An Indian and his wife went out from the village to work their *chacra*, carrying their infant with them. The woman went to the spring to get water, leaving the man in charge of the child, with many cautions to take good care of it. When she arrived at the spring, she found it dried up, and went farther to look for another. The husband, alarmed at her long absence, left the child and went in search. When they returned the child was gone; and to their repeated cries, as they wandered through the woods in search, they could get no reply save the wail of this little bird, heard for the first time, whose notes their anxiety and excited imagination syllabled into pa-pa, ma-ma (the present Quinchua name of the bird). Upon this story the Spaniards, with their peculiar religious poetic turn of thought, called the bird "the lost soul."

The Huallaga as it approaches the Amazon greatly widens and deepens, and a large number of lakes border the river. Many of these lakes are, according to the traditions of the Indians, guarded by an immense serpent, which is able to raise such a tempest as to swamp the canoes, when it immediately swallows the people. It is called the "Yacu Mama," or mother of waters; and the Indians never enter a lake with which they are not familiar that they do not set up an obstreperous clamor with their horns, which the snake is said to answer, thus giving them warning of its presence. A holy father, who visited the country in 1845, gives a description of the creature, which those who please may regard as literal truth coming from an authentic source. "The wonderful nature of this animal," says the padre, "its figure, size, and other circumstances, enchain attention, and cause man to reflect upon the majestic power and infinite wisdom of the Supreme Creator. The sight alone of this monster confounds, intimidates, and infuses respect into the heart of the boldest man. He never seeks or follows the victim upon which he feeds; but so great is the force of his inspiration that he draws in with his breath whatever quadruped or bird may pass him within from twenty to fifty yards' distance, according to its size. That which I killed from my canoe upon the Pastaza (with five shots of a fowling-piece) had two yards of thickness and fifteen yards of length; but the Indians of this region have assured me that there are animals of this kind here of three or four yards diameter, and from thirty to forty long! They swallow entire hogs, stags, tigers, and men with the greatest facility; but, by the mercy of Providence, the beast moves and turns itself very slowly, on account of its extreme weight. When moving it appears a thick log of wood covered with scales, and dragged slowly along the ground, leaving a track so large that men may see it at a distance and avoid its dangerous ambush."

The Ucayali tributary, which empties itself into the Amazon near Nauta, can be ascended a long distance, but from want of boats, men, and other facilities, Lieutenant Herndon was unable to get farther than Sarayacu, an Indian village of one thousand inhabitants, and situated about two hundred and seventy miles from the mouth of the Ucayali. Castelnau, the celebrated French traveler, descended this river from its very source, where it rises, near Cuzco, in lat. 14°—a stupendous enterprise, when the impediments to navigation from cascades and rapids, and the untamed hostility of the Indians on the banks, are taken into consideration.

To give some idea of the dangers of passing the cascades on the upper waters of the Ucayali, Count Castelnau relates the following, as one of many similar incidents of his travels: "We found," says he, "the current of exceeding rapidity; and the second cataract roared and foamed only one hundred metres below us. The Indians every instant cast anxious glances over the distance that separated them from the danger. At one moment our frail canoe manifestly lost ground, but the Indians redoubled their efforts, and we shot out of the strength of the current. At this juncture we heard cries behind us, and an Indian pointed to the canoe of M. Carrasco, a few yards distant. It was struggling desperately with the violence of the current. Now we thought it safe; but too soon we saw that all hope was lost, and that the frail boat was hurried toward the gulf with the rapidity of an arrow. The Peruvians and the Indians threw themselves into the water; the old priest alone remained in the canoe, and we could distinctly hear him recite the prayer for the dying, until his voice was lost amidst the roar of the cataract. We were chilled with horror, and we hastened to the bank, where we met our companions successively struggling to the shore from the lost canoe."

We again return to the Amazon. From Nauta to Loreto, the frontier town of Peru, the distance is about two hundred miles. An Indian village now and then may be seen scattered along the banks. The river is here stocked with alligators. A story is told of a woman who, bathing after nightfall, was seized and carried off by one of these monsters. She was not even in the water, but was sitting on the bank, pouring water over her head with a gourd, when the reptile crawled from behind a log, where it had been lying, and carried her off in its mouth, though struck several heavy blows with a stick by the unfortunate husband. The Indians started out next morning, with harpoons and lances, to destroy the alligators, and thought it remarkable that the first they killed should have parts of the woman, still undigested, in its stomach.

Passing the villages of Paula and Matura—the Putumayo tributary on the left, and the Jutay on the right—the mouth of Juruá is reached. This river can be ascended for about seven hundred and eighty miles. Curious stories are told of the Indians who dwell upon its banks. A Brazilian padre, who has written on the subject, describes particularly the Cauamas and Uginas, who live near the sources of the river. The former are of very short stature, about three and a half feet in height; and the latter, says the padre in all seriousness, have tails, and are produced by a mixture of the Indians and Coata monkeys. Three reasons are assigned as a sort of guarantee for the truth of the story: first, that there is no physical reason why men should not have tails; secondly, that many Indians had assured the padre of the fact, telling him that the tail was some eight inches long; and, thirdly, that Father Ribeiro, curate of Castro de Aavelaens, had himself witnessed the phenomenon. The worthy curate, indeed, took oath that, while a missionary at Noguera, one Manuel de Silva came from the river Japurá with some Indians, among whom was one who had a tail. In his affidavit the curate says: 'As I was unwilling to believe such an extraordinary fact, Manuel caused the Indian to strip, on pretense of removing some turtles from a 'pen' near which I stood. Then I saw, without possibility of error, that the man had a tail of the thickness of a finger, about half a palm long, and covered with a smooth, naked skin. The same Manuel assured me that the Indian told him that every month he cut his tail, because he did not like to have it too long, and it grew very fast. I do not know to what nation this creature belonged, nor if every man and woman of his tribe had a similar tail, but I understood afterward that there was a tailed nation upon the banks of the Juruá." In despite of the solemn oath of the padre, we doubt whether much credit has been given to his statement.

In contemplating the vast inland navigation of the South American continent—the connection of the Amazon, on the one hand, with the Oronoco, and, on the other, with the Plata through its tributaries—Lieutenant Herndon speaks with eloquence. The mind, he says, is confused with the great images presented to it. We have here a continent divided into many islands—for most of its great streams inosculate—whose shores produce, or may be made to produce, all that the earth gives for the maintenance of more people than the earth now holds. We have also here a fluvial navigation for large vessels, by the Amazon and its great tributaries, of about six thousand miles, which does not include the innumerable small streams that empty into the Amazon, and which would probably swell the amount to ten thousand, neither does it include the Oronoco and its tributaries, on the one hand, nor the Plata with its tributaries on the other, the former of which communicates with the Valley of the Amazon by the Cassiquiari, and the latter merely requires a canal of six leagues in length, over very practicable ground, to do the same.

Of the diamond district of Brazil, Castelnau says: "Gold and diamonds are found, especially in the numerous water-courses, and also throughout the whole country. After the rains, the children of Diamantino hunt for the gold contained in the earth even of the streets, and in the bed of the River Ouro, which passes through the town. They often collect to the value of from eight to fifteen grains. It is related that a negro, pulling vegetables in his garden, found a diamond in the earth attached to the roots. It is also said that a muleteer, while driving a stake in the ground, found a diamond of the weight of nine carats. Diamonds are even sometimes discovered in the stomachs of fowls. The rivers Diamantino, Ouro, and Paraguay appear to be already completely exhausted; the River Burité continues to furnish many stones; but the Santa Anna, so to speak, is still virgin, and notwithstanding the incredible quantity of diamonds taken from it, it does not appear to have lost its primitive richness. It would seem, however, that diamond hunting is not as productive as one would fancy; for they quote in the country, as very remarkable, the result obtained by a Spaniard, Don Simon by name, who, in four years (only working during the dry season, but with four hundred slaves), had collected about seven thousand carats. He was obliged to abandon the work because he lost many slaves in consequence of the pestilential fevers which rage in the diamond region, and particularly upon the borders of the River Santa Anna. The largest diamond taken from this stream weighed, it is said, about fifty-two carats. It was many years since, and the price is not known for which it was sold."

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER XIII.

He who sees his heir in his own child, carries his eye over hopes and possessions lying far beyond his gravestone; viewing his life, even here, as a period but closed with a comma. He who sees his heir in another man's child, sees the full stop at the end of the sentence.

Lionel's departure was indefinitely postponed; nothing more was said of it. Meanwhile Darrell's manner toward him underwent a marked change. The previous indifference the rich kinsman had hitherto shown as to the boy's past life, and the peculiarities of his intellect and character, wholly vanished. He sought now, on the contrary, to plumb thoroughly the more hidden depths which lurk in the nature of every human being, and which, in Lionel, were the more difficult to discern from the vivacity and candor which covered with so smooth and charming a surface a pride tremulously sensitive, and an ambition that startled himself in the hours when solitude and reverie reflect upon the visions of Youth the giant-outline of its own hopes.

Darrell was not dissatisfied with the results of this survey; yet often, when perhaps most pleased, a shade would pass over his countenance; and, had a woman who loved him been by to listen, she would have heard the short, slight sigh which came and went too quickly for the duller sense of man's friendship to recognize it as the sound of sorrow.

In Darrell himself, thus insensibly altered, Lionel daily discovered more to charm his interest and deepen his affection. In this man's nature there were, indeed, such wondrous under-currents of sweetness, so suddenly gushing forth, so suddenly vanishing again! And exquisite in him were the traits of that sympathetic tact which the world calls fine breeding, but which comes only from a heart at once chivalrous and tender, the more bewitching in Darrell from their contrast with a manner usually cold, and a bearing so stamped with masculine, self-willed, haughty power. Thus days went on as if Lionel had become a very child of the house. But his sojourn was in truth drawing near to a close not less abrupt and unexpected than the turn in his host's humors to which he owed the delay of his departure.

One bright afternoon, as Darrell was standing at the window of his private study, Fairthorn, who had crept in on some matter of business, looked at his countenance long and wistfully, and then, shambling up to his side, put one hand on his shoulder with a light, timid touch, and, pointing with the other to Lionel, who was lying on the grass in front of the casement, reading the *Faerie Queen*, said, "Why do you take him to your heart if he does not comfort it?"

Darrell winced, and answered gently, "I did not know you were in the room. Poor Fairthorn: thank you!"

"Thank me!—what for?"

"For a kind thought. So then you like the boy?"

"Mayn't I like him?" asked Fairthorn, looking rather frightened; "surely you do!"

"Yes, I *like* him much; I am trying my best to *love* him. But, but—" Darrell turned quickly, and the portrait of his father over the mantle-piece came full upon his sight—an impressive, a haunting face—sweet and gentle, yet with the high, narrow brow and arched nostril of pride, with restless, melancholy eyes, and an expression that revealed the delicacy of intellect, but not its power. There was something forlorn, yet imposing, in the whole effigy. As you continued to look at the countenance the mournful attraction grew upon you. Truly a touching and a most lovable aspect. Darrell's eyes moistened.

"Yes, my father, it is so!" he said, softly. "All my sacrifices were in vain. The race is not to be rebuilt! No grandchild of yours will succeed me—me, the last of the old line! Fairthorn, how *can* I love that boy? He may be my heir, and in his veins not a drop of my father's blood!"

"But he has the blood of your father's ancestors; and why must you think of him as your heir?—you, who, if you would but go again into the world, might yet find a fair wi—"

With such a stamp came Darrell's foot upon the floor that the holy and conjugal monosyllable dropping from Fairthorn's lips was as much cut in two as if a shark had snapped it. Unspeakably frightened, the poor man sidled away, thrust himself behind a tall reading-desk, and, peering aslant from that covert, whimpered out, "Don't, don't now—don't be so awful; I did not mean to offend, but I'm always saying something I did not mean; and really you look so young still (coaxingly), and, and—"

Darrell, the burst of rage over, had sunk upon a chair, his face bowed over his hands, and his breast heaving as if with suppressed sobs.

The musician forgot his fear; he sprang forward, almost upsetting the tall desk; he flung himself on his knees at Darrell's feet, and exclaimed, in broken words, "Master, master, forgive me! Beast that I was! Do look up—do smile, or else beat me—kick me."

Darrell's right hand slid gently from his face, and fell into Fairthorn's clasp.

"Hush, hush," muttered the man of granite; "one moment, and it will be over."

One moment? That might be but a figure of speech; yet before Lionel had finished half the canto that was plunging him into fairy-land, Darrell was standing by him with his ordinary, tranquil mien: and Fairthorn's flute from behind the boughs of a neighboring lime-tree was breathing out an air as dulcet as if careless Fauns still piped in Arcady, and Grief were a far dweller on the other side of the mountains, of whom shepherds, reclining under summer leaves, speak as we speak of hydras and unicorns, and things in fable.

On, on swelled the mellow, mellow, witching music; and now the worn man with his secret sorrow, and the boy with his frank, glad laugh, are passing away, side by side, over the turf, with its starry and golden wild-flowers, under the boughs in yon Druid copse, from which they start the ringdove—farther and farther, still side by side, now out of sight, as if the dense green of the summer had closed around them like waves. But still the flute sounds on, and still they hear it, softer and softer, as they go. Hark! do you not hear it—you?

CHAPTER XIV.

There are certain events which to each man's life are as comets to the earth, seemingly strange and erratic portents; distinct from the ordinary lights which guide our course and mark our seasons, yet true to their own laws, potent in their own influences. Philosophy speculates on their effects, and disputes upon their uses; men who do not philosophize regard them as special messengers and bodes of evil.

They came out of the little park into a by-lane; a vast tract of common land, yellow with furze, and undulated with swell and hollow spreading in front; to their right the dark beech-woods, still beneath the weight of the July noon. Lionel had been talking about the *Faerie Queen*, knight-errantry, the sweet, impossible dream-life that, safe from Time, glides by bower and hall, through magic forests and by witching caves, in the world of poet-books. And Darrell listened, and the flute-notes mingled with the atmosphere faint and far off, like voices from that world itself.

Out then they came, this broad waste land before them; and Lionel said, merrily:

"But this is the very scene! Here the young knight, leaving his father's hall, would have checked his *destrier*, glancing wistfully now over that green wild which seems so boundless, now to the 'umbrageous horror' of those breathless woodlands, and questioned himself which way to take for adventure."

"Yes," said Darrell, coming out from his long reserve on all that concerned his past life—"Yes, and the gold of the gorse-blossoms tempted me; and I took the waste land." He paused a moment, and renewed: "And then, when I had known cities and men, and snatched romance from dull matter-of-fact, then I would have done as civilization does with romance itself—I would have inclosed the waste land for my own aggrandizement. Look," he continued, with a sweep of the hand round the width of prospect, "all that you see to the verge of the horizon, some fourteen years ago, was to have been thrown into the petty paddock we have just quitted, and serve as park round the house I was then building. Vanity of human wishes! What but the several proportions of their common folly distinguishes the baffled squire from the arrested conqueror? Man's characteristic cerebral organ must certainly be acquisitiveness."

"Was it his organ of acquisitiveness that moved Themistocles to boast that 'he could make a small state great?'"

"Well remembered—ingeniously quoted," returned Darrell, with the polite bend of his stately head. "Yes, I suspect that the coveting organ had much to do with the boast. To build a name was the earliest dream of Themistocles, if we are to accept the anecdote that makes him say, 'The trophies of Miltiades would not suffer him to sleep.' To build a name, or to create a fortune, are but varying applications of one human passion. The desire of something we have not is the first of our childish remembrances; it matters not what form it takes, what object it longs for; still it is to acquire; it never deserts us while we live."

"And yet, if I might, I should like to ask, what you now desire that you do not possess!"

"I—nothing; but I spoke of the living! I am dead. Only," added Darrell, with his silvery laugh, "I say, as poor Chesterfield said before me, 'it is a secret—keep it.'"

Lionel made no reply; the melancholy of the words saddened him; but Darrell's manner repelled the expression of sympathy or of interest; and the boy fell into conjecture—what had killed to the world this man's intellectual life?

And thus silently they continued to wander on till the sound of the flute had long been lost to their ears. Was the musician playing still?

At length they came round to the other end

of Fawley village, and Darrell again became animated.

"Perhaps," said he, returning to the subject of talk that had been abruptly suspended—"perhaps the love of power is at the origin of each restless courtship of Fortune; yet, after all, who has power with less alloy than the village thane? With so little effort, so little thought, the man in the manor-house can make men in the cottage happier here below, and more fit for a hereafter yonder. In leaving the world I come from contest and pilgrimage, like our sires the Crusaders, to reign at home."

As he spoke he entered one of the cottages. An old paralytic man was seated by the fire, hot though the July sun was out of doors; and his wife, of the same age, and almost as helpless, was reading to him a chapter in the Old Testament—the fifth chapter in Genesis, containing the genealogy, age, and death of the patriarchs before the Flood. How the faces of the couple brightened when Darrell entered. "Master Guy!" said the old man, tremulously rising. The world-weary orator and lawyer was still Master Guy to him.

"Sit down Mathew, and let me read you a chapter." Darrell took the Holy Book, and read the Sermon on the Mount. Never had Lionel heard any thing like that reading; the feeling which brought out the depth of the sense, the tones, sweeter than the flute, which clothed the divine words in music. As Darrell ceased, some beauty seemed gone from the day. He lingered a few minutes, talking kindly and familiarly, and then turned into another cottage, where lay a sick woman. He listened to her ailments, promised to send her something to do her good from his own stores, cheered up her spirits, and, leaving her happy, turned to Lionel with a glorious smile, that seemed to ask, "And is there not power in this?"

But it was the sad peculiarity of this remarkable man, that all his moods were subject to rapid and seemingly unaccountable variations. It was as if some great blow had fallen on the mainspring of his organization, and left its original harmony broken up into fragments, each impressive in itself, but running one into the other with an abrupt discord, as a harp played upon by the winds. For, after this evident effort at self-consolation or self-support in soothing or strengthening others, suddenly Darrell's head fell again upon his breast, and he walked on, up the village lane, heeding no longer either the open doors of expectant cottagers, or the salutation of humble passers-by. "And I could have been so happy here!" he said suddenly. "Can I not be so yet? Ay, perhaps, when I am thoroughly old—tied to the world but by the thread of an hour. Old men do seem happy; behind them all memories faint, save those of childhood and sprightly youth: before them, the narrow ford, and the sun dawning up the clouds on the other shore. 'Tis the critical descent into age in which man is surely most troubled; griefs gone, still rankling; nor, strength yet in his limbs, passion yet in his heart, reconciled to what loom nearest in the prospect—the arm-chair and the palsied head. Well! life is a quaint puzzle. Bits the most incongruous join into each other, and the scheme thus gradually becomes symmetrical and clear; when, lo! as the infant claps his hands, and cries, 'See, see! the puzzle is made out!' all the pieces are swept back into the box—black box with the gilded nails. Ho! Lionel, look up; there is our village Church, and here, close at my right, the Church-yard!"

Now while Darrell and his young companion were directing their gaze to the right of the village lane, toward the small gray church—toward the sacred burial-ground in which, here and there among humbler graves, stood the monumental stone inscribed to the memory of some former Darrell, for whose remains the living sod had been preferred to the family vault; while both slowly neared the funeral spot, and leaned, silent and musing, over the rail that fenced it from the animals turned to graze on the sward of the surrounding green, a foot-traveler, a stranger in the place, loitered on the threshold of the small wayside inn, about fifty yards off to the left of the lane, and looked hard at the still figures of the two kinsmen.

Turning then to the hostess, who was standing somewhat within the threshold, a glass of brandy-and-water in her hand (the third glass that stranger had called for during his half-hour's rest in the hostelry), quoth the man—

"The taller gentleman yonder is surely your Squire, is it not? but who is the shorter and younger person?"

The landlady put forth her head.

"Oh! that is a relation of the Squire's down on a visit, Sir. I heard coachman say that the Squire's taken to him hugely; and they do think at the hall that the young gentleman will be his heir."

"Aha!—indeed—his heir? What is the lad's name? What relation can he be to Mr. Darrell?"

"I don't know what relation exactly, Sir; but he is one of the Haughtons, and they've been kin to the Fawley folks time out of mind."

"Haughton!—aha! Thank you, ma'am. Change, if you please."

The stranger tossed off his dram, and stretched his hand for his change.

"Beg pardon, Sir, but this must be forring money," said the landlady, turning a five-franc piece on her palm with suspicious curiosity.

"Foreign! is it possible?" The stranger dived again into his pocket, and apparently with some difficulty hunted out half a crown.

"Sixpence more, if you please, Sir; three brandies, and bread-and-cheese, and the ale too, Sir."

"How stupid I am! I thought that French coin was a five-shilling piece. I fear I have no English money about me but this half-crown; and I can't ask you to trust me, as you don't know me."

"Oh, Sir, 'tis all one if you know the Squire. You may be passing this way again."

"I shall not forget my debt when I do, you may be sure," said the stranger; and, with a nod, he walked away in the same direction as Darrell and Lionel had already taken—through a turn-stile by a public path that, skirting the church-yard and the neighboring parsonage, led along a corn-field to the demesnes of Fawley.

The path was narrow, the corn rising on either side, so that two persons could not well walk abreast. Lionel was some paces in advance, Darrell walking slow. The stranger followed at a distance; once or twice he quickened his pace, as if resolved to overtake Darrell; then, apparently, his mind misgave him and he again fell back.

There was something furtive and sinister about the man. Little could be seen of his face, for he wore a large hat of foreign make, slouched deep over his brow, and his lips and jaw were concealed by a dark and full mustache and beard. As much of the general outline of the countenance as remained distinguishable was, nevertheless, decidedly handsome; but a complexion naturally rich in color, seemed to have gained the heated look which comes with the earlier habits of intemperance, before it fades into the leaden hues of the later.

His dress bespoke pretension to a certain rank; but its component parts were strangely ill-assorted, out of date, and out of repair: pearl-colored trowsers, with silk braids down their sides; brodequins to match—Parisian fashion three years back, but the trowsers shabby, the braiding discolored, the brodequins in holes. The coat—once a black evening-dress coat—of a cut a year or two anterior to that of the trowsers; satin facings—cloth napless, satin stained. Over all, a sort of summer traveling-cloak, or rather large cape of a waterproof silk, once the extreme mode with the Lions of the *Chaussée d'Antin* whenever they ventured to rove to Swiss cantons or German spas; but which, from a certain dainty effeminacy in its shape and texture, required the minutest elegance in the general costume of its wearer as well as the cleanliest purity in itself. Worn by this traveler, and well-nigh worn out too, the cape became a finery, mournful as a tattered pennon over a wreck.

Yet in spite of this dress, however unbecoming, shabby, obsolete, a second glance could scarcely fail to note the wearer as a man wonderfully well shaped—tall, slender in the waist, long of limb, but with a girth of chest that showed immense power—one of those rare figures that a female eye would admire for grace—a recruiting sergeant for athletic strength.

But still the man's whole bearing and aspect, even apart from the dismal incongruities of his attire, which gave him the air of a beggared spendthrift, marred the favorable effect that physical comeliness in itself produces. Difficult to describe how—difficult to say why—but there is a look which a man gets, and a gait which he contracts, when the rest of mankind cut him; and this man had that look and that gait.

"So, so," muttered the stranger. "That boy his heir!—so, so. How can I get to speak to him? In his own house he would not see me: it must be as now, in the open air; but how catch him alone? and to lurk in the inn, in his own village—perhaps for a day—to watch an occasion; impossible! Besides, where is the money for it? Courage, courage!" He quickened his pace, pushed back his hat. "Courage! Why not now? Now or never!"

While the man thus mutteringly soliloquized, Lionel had reached the gate which opened into the grounds of Fawley, just in the rear of the little lake. Over the gate he swung himself lightly, and, turning back to Darrell, cried, "Here is the doe waiting to welcome you!"

Just as Darrell, scarcely heeding the exclamation, and with his musing eyes on the ground, approached the gate, a respectful hand opened it wide, a submissive head bowed low, a voice artificially soft faltered forth words, broken and indistinct, but of which those most audible were—"Pardon me—something to communicate—important—hear me."

Darrell started—just as the traveler almost touched him—started—recoiled, as one on whose path rises a wild beast. His bended head became erect, haughty, indignant, defying; but his cheek was pale, and his lip quivered. "You here! You in England—at Fawley! You presume to accost me! You, Sir, you—"

Lionel just caught the sound of the voice as the doe had come timidly up to him. He turned round sharply, and beheld Darrell's stern, imperious countenance, on which, stern and imperious though it was, a hasty glance could discover, at once, a surprise, that almost bordered upon fear. Of the stranger still holding the gate he saw but the back, and his voice he did not hear, though by the man's gesture he was evidently replying. Lionel paused a moment irresolute; but as the man continued to speak, he saw Darrell's face grow paler and paler, and in the impulse of a vague alarm he hastened toward him; but just within three feet of the spot, Darrell arrested his steps.

"Go home, Lionel; this person would speak to me in private." Then, in a lower tone, he said to the stranger, "Close the gate, Sir; you are standing upon the land of my fathers. If you would speak with me, this way;" and brushing through the corn, Darrell strode toward a patch of waste land that adjoined the field: the man followed him, and both passed from Lionel's eyes. The doe had come to the gate to greet her master; she now rested her nostrils on the bar, with a look disappointed and plaintive.

"Come," said Lionel, "come." The doe would not stir.

So the boy walked on alone, not much occupied with what had just passed. "Doubtless," thought he, "some person in the neighborhood upon country business."

He skirted the lake, and seated himself on a garden bench near the house. What did he there think of?—who knows? Perhaps of the Great World; perhaps of little Sophy! Time fled on: the sun was receding in the west, when Darrell hurried past him without speaking, and entered the house.

The host did not appear at dinner, nor all that evening. Mr. Mills made an excuse—Mr. Darrell did not feel very well.

Fairthorn had Lionel all to himself, and having within the last few days reindulged in open cordiality to the young guest, he was especially communicative that evening. He talked much on Darrell, and with all the affection that, in spite of his fear, the poor flute-player felt for his ungracious patron. He told many anecdotes of the stern man's tender kindness to all that came within his sphere. He told also many anecdotes more striking of the kind man's sternness where some obstinate prejudice, some ruling passion, made him "granite."

"Lord, my dear young Sir," said Fairthorn, "be his most bitter open enemy, and fall down in the mire, the first hand to help you would be Guy Darrell's; but be his professed friend, and betray him to the worth of a straw, and never try to see his face again if you are wise—the most forgiving and the least forgiving of human beings. But—"

The study door noiselessly opened, and Darrell's voice called out,

"Fairthorn, let me speak with you."

CHAPTER XV.

Every street has two sides, the shady side and the sunny. When two men shake hands and part, mark which of the two takes the sunny side; he will be the younger man of the two.

THE next morning, neither Darrell nor Fairthorn appeared at breakfast; but as soon as Lionel had concluded that meal, Mr. Mills informed him, with customary politeness, that Mr. Darrell wished to speak with him in the study. Study, across the threshold of which Lionel had never yet set footstep! He entered it now with a sentiment of mingled curiosity and awe. Nothing in it remarkable, save the portrait of the host's father over the mantle-piece. Books strewed tables, chairs, and floors in the disorder loved by habitual students. Near the window was a glass bowl containing gold fish, and close by, in its cage, a singing-bird. Darrell might exist without companionship in the human species, but not without something which he protected and cherished—a bird—even a fish.

Darrell looked really ill; his keen eye was almost dim, and the lines in his face seemed deeper. But he spoke with his usual calm passionless melody of voice.

"Yes," he said, in answer to Lionel's really anxious inquiry; "I am ill. Idle persons like me give way to illness. When I was a busy man, I never did; and then illness gave way to me. My general plans are thus, if not actually altered, at least hurried to their consummation sooner than I expected. Before you came here, I told you to come soon, or you might not find me. I meant to go abroad this summer; I shall now start at once. I need the change of scene and air. You will return to London to-day."

"To-day! You are not angry with me?"

"Angry! boy and cousin—no!" resumed Darrell, in a tone of unusual tenderness. "Angry—fie! But since the parting must be, 'tis well to abridge the pain of long farewells. You must wish, too, to see your mother, and thank her for rearing you up so that you may step from poverty into ease with a head erect. You will give to Mrs. Haughton this letter: for yourself, your inclinations seem to tend toward the army. But before you decide on that career, I should like you to see something more of the world. Call to-morrow on Colonel Morley, in Curzon Street: this is his address. He will receive by to-day's post a note from me, requesting him to advise you. Follow his counsels in what belongs to the world. He is a man of the world—a distant connection of mine—who will be kind to you for my sake. Is there more to say? Yes. It seems an ungracious speech; but I should speak it. Consider yourself sure from me of an independent income. Never let idle sycophants lead you into extravagance, by telling you that you will have more. But indulge not the expectation, however plausible, that you will be my heir."

"Mr. Darrell—oh, Sir—"

"Hush—the expectation would be reasonable; but I am a strange being. I might marry again—have heirs of my own. Eh, Sir—why not?" Darrell spoke these last words almost fiercely, and fixed his eyes on Lionel as he repeated—"why not?" But seeing that the boy's face evinced no surprise, the expression of his own relaxed, and he continued calmly—"Eno'; what I have thus rudely said was kindly meant. It is a treason to a young man to let him count on a fortune which at last is left away from him. Now, Lionel, go; enjoy your spring of life! Go, hopeful and light-hearted. If sorrow reach you, battle with it; if error mislead you, come fearlessly to me for counsel. Why, boy—what is this—tears? Tut, tut."

"It is your goodness," faltered Lionel. "I can not help it. And is there nothing I can do for you in return?"

"Yes, much. Keep your name free from stain, and your heart open to such noble emotions as awaken tears like those. Ah, by-the-by, I heard from my lawyer to-day about your poor little *protégé*. Not found yet, but he seems sanguine of quick success. You shall know the moment I hear more."

"You will write to me then, Sir, and I may write to you?"

"As often as you please. Always direct to me here."

"Shall you be long abroad?"

Darrell's brows met. "I don't know," said he, curtly. "Adieu."

He opened the door as he spoke.

Lionel looked at him with wistful yearning, filial affection, through his swimming eyes. "God bless you, Sir," he murmured simply, and passed away.

"That blessing should have come from me!" said Darrell to himself, as he turned back, and stood on his solitary hearth. "But they on whose heads I once poured a blessing, where are they—where? And that man's tale, reviving the audacious fable which the other, and I verily believe the less guilty knave of the two, sought to palm on me years ago! Stop; let me weigh well what he said. If it were true! if it were true! Oh, shame, shame!"

Folding his arms tightly on his breast, Darrell paced the room with slow measured strides, pondering deeply. He was, indeed, seeking to suppress feeling, and to exercise only judgment; and his reasoning process seemed at length fully to satisfy him, for his countenance gradually cleared, and a triumphant smile passed across it. "A lie—certainly a palpable and gross lie; lie it must and shall be. Never will I accept it as truth. Father" (looking full at the portrait over the mantle-shelf), "father, fear not—never—never!"

THE BEAUTIFUL BLONDINE.

"Stranger, hast thou ever seen
Portrait of the fair Blondine?"

I HAVE heard that those who are truest lovers make the least show of their affections in the presence of strangers. When, therefore, I see the disposition for display I judge it in this light myself. But I am not generous—I never was—and what I doubt in other people I have great faith in as touching myself.

No clever proverbs or critical remarks can alter my belief that I dearly love and worship my heart-sister, my divine Blondine, merely because I now proclaim it to all the world.

Since our first meeting, six years ago, she has been my ideal of perfection and beauty. No words can describe the pure and exquisite expression of her face, full of intellect and tenderness. From off her wide, low forehead, and down her snowy shoulders flow waves of

"Hair, that fall in silken splendor
Like pale gold!"

Her shadowy, spiritual eyes seem at times to be looking onward to some grand, glorious future for herself and me, while the rich glow of enthusiasm flushes her cheeks, and compresses the sweet lips, until, in my rapturous admiration, I imprint my ardent mortal kiss upon them. I admit that this never happens in the presence of a third party, therefore she is not disturbed by my proceeding. When I enter the room she always greets me with a gentle, loving look, and seeks to do my pleasure so far that, knowing my fondness for simple white dresses, she enshrouds her beautiful figure in the snowy raiment; and, to please herself, wears carelessly a delicate-blue scarf, that folds about her like soft mist.

Ah! she is rare, my Blondine!

I have introduced a friend to her, when he was so mute with wonder at the marvelous excellence of form and the divine countenance that he stood before her without word or apology. She has met the admiring gaze with such calm purity and quiet dignity in her violet eyes that my friend has recovered himself, and soon felt enabled to converse without any embarrassment.

She is peculiarly sweet in her manner to children—quiet, but very attentive. I have never known her to fret, or appear disturbed with noise that has driven me almost frantic. She never scolds. She never says, "Charlie, don't meddle with that," and "Carrie, go away from that," or "Letty, do throw a handkerchief over that cage; the constant singing of the bird makes my head ache." Indeed she never *has* nervous headaches or any of those inconvenient complaints that other ladies so often suffer. It must be owing to her perfectly serene temper.

I entered the room one day and caught my boy Willie just throwing a pillow at her—all in joke, of course, for he loves her dearly, and would not hurt her for his life. The missile struck her upon the shoulder. She showed no sign of ill-nature; but for all that I flew into a tremendous passion with my boy and gave him a beating, for which I was really sorry afterward, because I fancied she looked sadder than usual for the rest of the day.

She never criticises my incomings or outgoings, my oddities, my company, or my follies. She looks approval of all I do, and I never seek her eyes that they are not upon me. She wakens early, and when I open my sleepy orbs she always gives me her sweet morning look. She is even more beautiful in the morning than at evening, because there are no faults of flesh or complexion to conceal with gas-light.

I assert that my Blondine is as far beyond other women as a Palmer marble statue is beyond rough stone; but I can not say with the poet that

"——the marvel is unpainted,"

as my treasure hangs in a gilded frame upon my wall.

She is more precious than if she were living, because she is perfect in herself, and because the artist who painted her is a dearly-loved friend, lost to me for a little while, but whom I hope to find one day in the "Land of the Hereafter."

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XIII.

(From our own Correspondent.)

A red and lowery Morning.—Sarepta.—Memories of Childhood.—A Storm.—Acre.—A Night in the City.—A Bath.—Cana of Galilee.—Syrian Villages.—An Encounter and a Defeat.—We reach Nazareth.

The next morning broke in the east with all the signs of a storm. The sun came up upon the hills of Lebanon with a red glow, and the clouds that lay in the east were of the same tint; so that John Steenburger, as he came out of the tent, quoted the words of Christ and said, "We shall now know if the weather signs are the same in Holy Land as two thousand years ago, for the morning is red and lowering."

We were in the saddle early, and rode off before the men had struck the tents. Following down the sea-shore we soon came to a small village, known as Sarfend, which is the ancient Sarepta or Zarephath. You recollect it, what child is there in Christian lands that does not recollect it, as the place of that wonderful barrel of meal and cruse of oil which the prophet gave to the widow woman whom he found at the gate gathering sticks? There is an exquisite beauty in that story of the woman and her child, which impressed me in boyhood perhaps more than any other of all those Bible stories in which children so much delight. Hence the peculiar pleasure with which I rode over the hill, and looking at the modern village, recalled the scene when the prophet asked of her water to drink and she went to fetch it.

We did not pause here long. Other places of interest were before us, and we wished to have all the afternoon at Cana, if perchance we could find any place that would fully satisfy our notions of the locality of that city of the first miracle. We accordingly put our horses to their best speed, where the road would allow it, and hastened to the southward by the same road we had gone the previous day with our friends. Long before noon a driving storm commenced, and we repented our fondness for American society that had gotten us into this dull ride, retracing our steps in the face of a tempest. You will observe that our trip to Beyrout rendered necessary a return all the way to Acre, or nearly there, before we should be able to turn off to the eastward toward Nazareth and Cana.

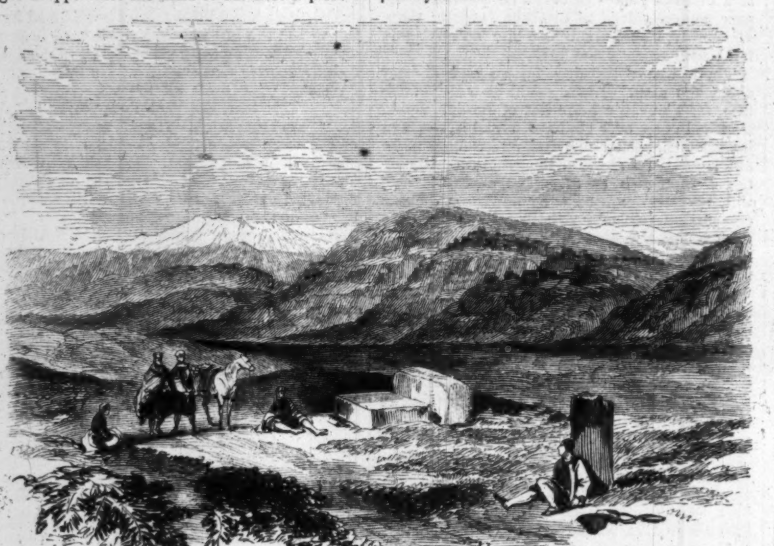
But we pressed on like Americans, and in spite of the rain and wind and cold we did resist the temptation to pause at Tyre, and actually reached Acre that afternoon. But here we incontinently gave up our plan and dashed into the city. Never was shelter more welcome. We found such lodgings as we had had in Tyre, and slept soundly in spite of myriads of fleas.

In the morning I woke and found the weather clear and fine. John Steenburger slept soundly, but I roused him with a bucket of water. Capital places, these Oriental huts, where nothing is harmed by dashing a pail of water over a drowsy friend in bed. His bed was the corner of the room, its furniture nothing. Mine had been as soft and warm—the next square to John. He sprang to his feet, shook himself, and was awake—in fine humor, thankful for the bath, which we improved on by a plunge in the surf of the Mediterranean, and then we set off in search of our people.

Perhaps you would like to know what a night's lodging cost us in Acre—Akka as they call it, Ptolemais of old fame. It cost three piastres, that is fifteen cents, each, including a chicken and coffee in the evening and two chickens and two coffees in the morning; and this we were obliged to force on our host, who was a Mussulman, and had taken us in from pure compassion. You will say that we might have paid him more liberally. So we might, but that it was necessary to offer no more than the market price, that our account might be square. We paid him what was customary, and he could not reproach us with using his hospitality and overpowering its merit by a large payment. Nevertheless, when we were mounted, John Steenburger dropped into the hand of our host a piece of silver "for the poor," which, let us be charitable, probably went to the benefit of at least one poor devil that I could name in Akka.

It was high noon when we rode over the hills that commanded a view of Cana, the city of the miracle, now a deserted village. There was nothing whatever here to interest us except the history which gave such sublime character to the hills and plain around the white houses of the little hamlet. All Syrian villages are alike—a mass of low houses, usually built rudely of the white limestone of the country. The roofs are chiefly stone in the better houses, but in the poorer are brush and mud. The interiors are plastered walls and mud floors. Sometimes a partition of mud is built across, not rising to the roof, but usually the hut has but one room. Hence it is useless for me to describe to you the present appearance of these old places. They are all modern Syrian villages.

The tents were not at Cana. I inquired of the natives, but could learn nothing of Houssein and his people. So, turning our horses' heads, we crossed the country in the direction of Nazareth.



SAREPTA.

Two strangers, traveling alone and without guides or attendants, presented a tempting subject of robbery to the Ishmaelites of the hill country. Our intention to go to Nazareth was known while we were lingering and making inquiries about Cana, and three or four of the worthy inhabitants of the place laid a plan to intercept us.

We had scarcely advanced a mile on the way when we were met by a party suddenly riding down on us from a cross valley. Their intent, long before they reached us, was sufficiently manifest, and we drew up to meet them.

Some half dozen times I have had encounters with these scoundrels of Syrians, and found them always alike, thorough cowards of the most cowardly sort.

As they came down on us we drew our revolvers and covered them. The demonstration was sufficient. They pulled up suddenly, and paused in a mass to consider.

"Who are you?" they demanded.

"None of your business," was the quiet reply.

"But it is our business. These are our lands. This is our country."

"This is God's land—and by the help of God we are passing through it; for He is the special protector of Americans."

The name of the nation has reached even here. We shall never get rid of that Koszta reputation. It will be told to children's children of the remotest generation.

"What do you wish?" they asked.

"Only that you go quietly by that road to Cana. If you go not, in three minutes the vengeance of Allah will descend on you in the shape of bullets of lead. See, we carry the weapons of Satan," and I showed them the barrels of a revolver pointed at their heads.

The leader fell from his horse to the ground at the sight, and crawled up to John's side and began kissing his feet.

We ordered them home, and home they went—we taking care they should not see our backs till they were on a hill out of reach of bullets; and then we went like lightning over to Nazareth.

THE KING IS COLD.

I.

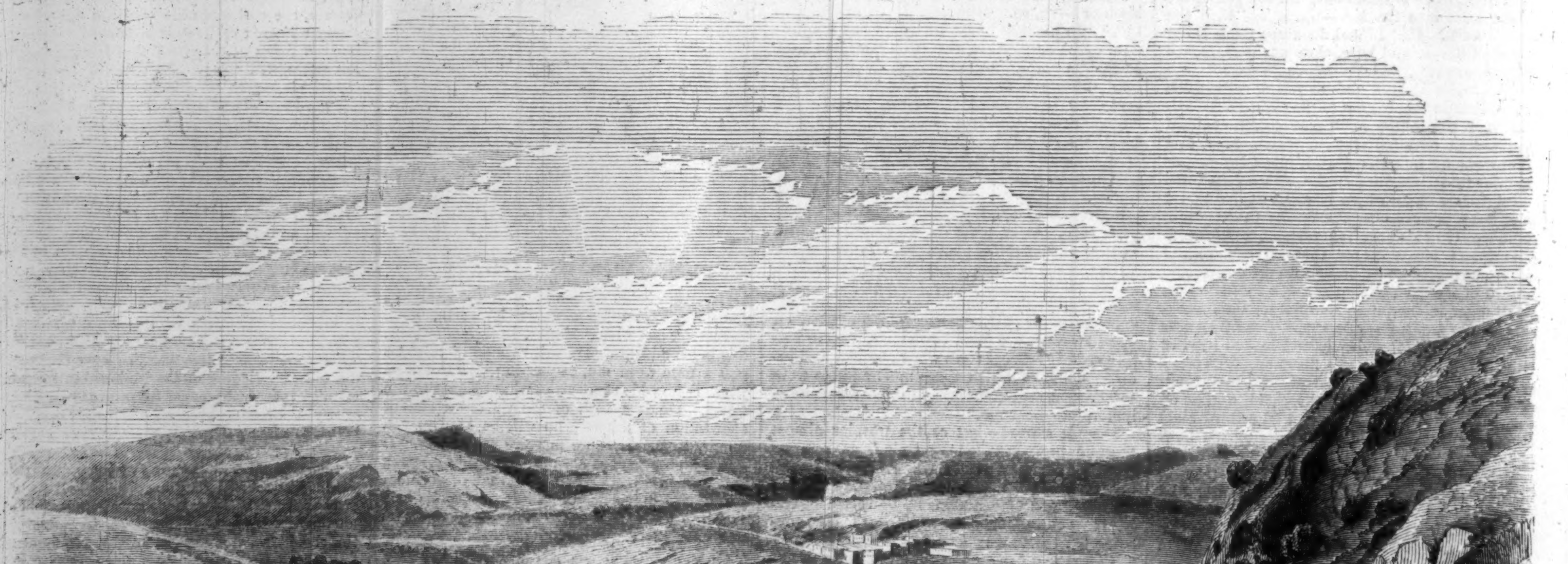
Rake the embers, blow the coals,
Kindle at once a roaring fire:
Here's some paper—'tis nothing, Sire—
Light it (they've saved a thousand souls!):
Run for fagots, you scurvy knaves,
There are plenty out in the public square—
You know they fry the heretics there
(But God remembers their nameless graves!).
Fly, fly! or the King may die!
Ugh! his royal feet are like snow,
And the cold is mounting up to his heart
(But that was frozen long ago!).
Rascals, varlets, do as you're told—
The King is cold!

II.

His bed of state is a grand affair,
With sheets of satin, and pillows of down,
And close beside it stands the crown—
But that won't keep him from dying there!
His hands are wrinkled, his hair is gray,
And his ancient blood is sluggish and thin;
When he was young it was hot with sin,
But that is over this many a day!
Under these sheets of satin and lace
He slept in the arms of his concubines;
Now they 'rouse with the Prince instead,
Drinking the maddest, merriest wines.
It's pleasant to hear such catches trolled
Now the King is cold!

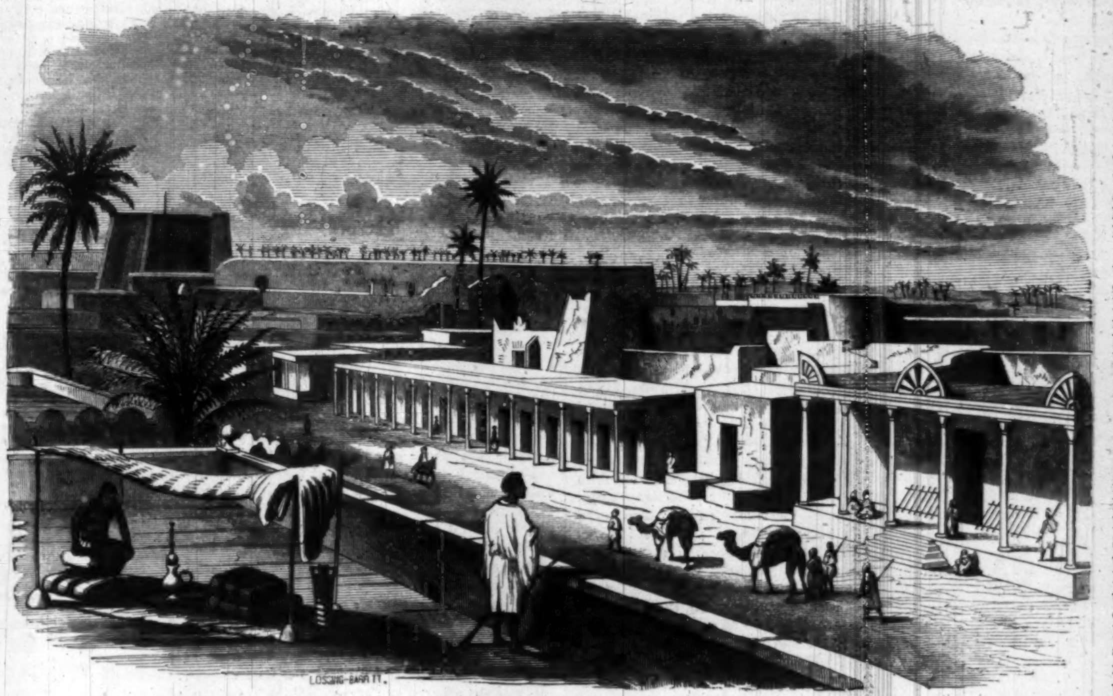
III.

What shall I do with his Majesty now?
For, thanks to my potion, the man is dead:
Suppose I bolster him up in bed,
And fix the crown again on his brow?
That would be merry!—but then the Prince
Would tumble it down, I know, in a trice:
'Twould puzzle the devil to name a vice
That would make his Excellent Highness wince!
But hark! he's coming; I know his step:
He's stealing to see if his wishes are true:
Ah, Sire, may your father's end be yours!
(With just such a son to murder you!)
Peace to the dead! Let the bells be tolled,
The King is cold!



CANA OF GALILEE.

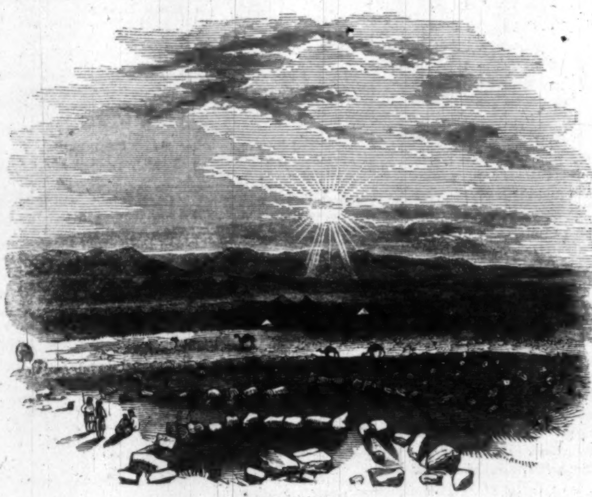
BARTH'S TRAVELS IN NORTH AND CENTRAL AFRICA.



MURZUK, THE CAPITAL OF FEZZAN.

In the summer of 1849 the British Government determined to dispatch Mr. Richardson, an experienced traveler, upon an expedition through the Great Desert into the interior of Africa. Drs. Barth and Overweg, two German scholars, volunteered to accompany Mr. Richardson, if the British Government would defray a portion of their expenses. This offer was accepted; and on the 23d of March, 1850, they took their departure from Tripoli, in the Barbary States. Mr. Richardson died on the 4th of March, 1851, just as he reached the borders of Negroland; and Overweg fell a victim to toil and disease on the 22d of September, 1852, having finished a full exploration of Lake Tsad, the great lake of Central Africa. Barth, the loss of whose companions had in the mean time been partly compensated by the arrival of Mr. Vogel, a young and enthusiastic German astronomer, continued his explorations for three years more. He then returned to Europe, where he has just put forth a long and minute account of his five years' journeys. His volumes furnish a most important addition to our store of knowledge of that mysterious region, the partial exploration of which has cost so many valuable lives, and introduce us to some regions hitherto unknown to the civilized world.

The expedition as it left Tripoli formed of itself a considerable caravan. The travelers had about forty camels, laden with their effects and merchandise for traffic with the native tribes. They took with them also a light boat, intended for the navigation of Lake Tsad. This was built in two pieces, each of which was sawn apart—the whole forming loads for two stout camels. They succeeded in conveying this across the desert, and in it Mr. Overweg performed his voyage upon that hitherto unexplored lake.



THE DESERT.

All through the pashalik of Tripoli, and far into Fezzan, they encountered numerous ruins of Roman structures, many of them of considerable extent—showing that these magnificent conquerors extended their dominions and kept up permanent establishments far within the great desert.

One of the most cheerful features of this portion of the journey was the little oasis of Mizdeh, where a few hundred palm-trees, and some scanty fields of barley and patches of onions, find nourishment from the scanty moisture. The beauties of a Saharan oasis arise mainly from its contrast with the surrounding barrenness.

Then comes the "Hamada," an elevated, barren, stony plateau, with here and there a patch of verdure, upon which the patient camels browse with great delight. Here is found a little green bird—the *asfir*—which lives entirely upon the vermin which it picks from the feet of the camels.

The Hamada extends for more than a hundred miles—six full days' journey. Then comes a broad treeless plain, where the sand, piled up in sharp ridges, greatly impedes the march of the caravans. The travelers were often obliged to flatten down the edges of the ridges with their hands, to enable the camels to proceed.

They reached Murzuk, the capital of Fezzan, on the 6th of May. Here they were forced to remain five weary weeks, waiting for the arrival of a chief who was to escort them on their journey. The entire population of Fezzan does not amount to 30,000 souls, who are scattered over the oases which here and there vary the dreary monotony of the desert. Murzuk is a clay-built town, with half the houses in ruins, surrounded by a dilapidated mud-wall. Its site is a sand-pit, shut in on all sides by hills of sand. In favored spots in the neighborhood a few pomegranates, figs, and peaches, are cultivated. Onions are the principal vegetable, and the only milk to be obtained is a little supplied by goats.

Arrangements, by no means satisfactory, were at length made for an escort, and the travelers proceeded slowly on their way, through the country of the Berbers. Their immediate object was to reach the independent kingdom of Aïr, or Asben, of which only the vague accounts of the Middle Age travelers had ever reached the civilized world.

Dr. Barth came near losing his life almost at the outset of the journey. Seeing at some distance a remarkable mountain whose castellated summit is believed by the natives to be inhabited by demons, he resolved to ascend it. None of the escort would brave the wrath of the invisible powers by accompanying him, and he set out alone, taking only a small water-bag and a few dry biscuit and dates. The mountain seemed to recede as he advanced, but before mid-day he gained its summit. The fierce desert sun glared down, and the broad, sandy waste lay spread out before him. Looking around, he could discern no trace of the caravan. He dared only sip a few drops of his small stock of water, and could only swallow a morsel of his dry biscuit. He then plunged wildly down the mountain side in the supposed direction of the caravan. Parched with intolerable thirst, he swallowed all his water at a draught; but the relief was only momentary. He grew bewildered, and lost his course. Again and again he fired his pistols, listening eagerly for an answering shot; but the stillness of the desert was unbroken. Day began to decline, and he threw himself in despair upon the hot sand. Once he thought he caught a glimpse of the long line of the caravan, but it was only an illusion of the imagination. There were a few trees around, but he had not strength to light a fire, which might have served as a signal to his friends. He was utterly broken down and exhausted. Darkness fell around, and then he saw far across the plain the light of a fire. It must mark the encampment of his comrades. He fired his pistols, but received no reply. The distance was too great for the sound to traverse. Still the steady fire gleamed, marking the position of the friends whom he might never again behold.

AN OASIS.

The long, sleepless night wore away, and the sun rose hotter and hotter in the east. He had barely strength to move so as to keep his head within the scanty shade of the leafless tree under which he lay. The torments of thirst became unendurable. He bit his arm, and sucked the blood which flowed from the wound. Then he fell into a delirious trance, from which he did not awake till the sun had sunk behind the hills.

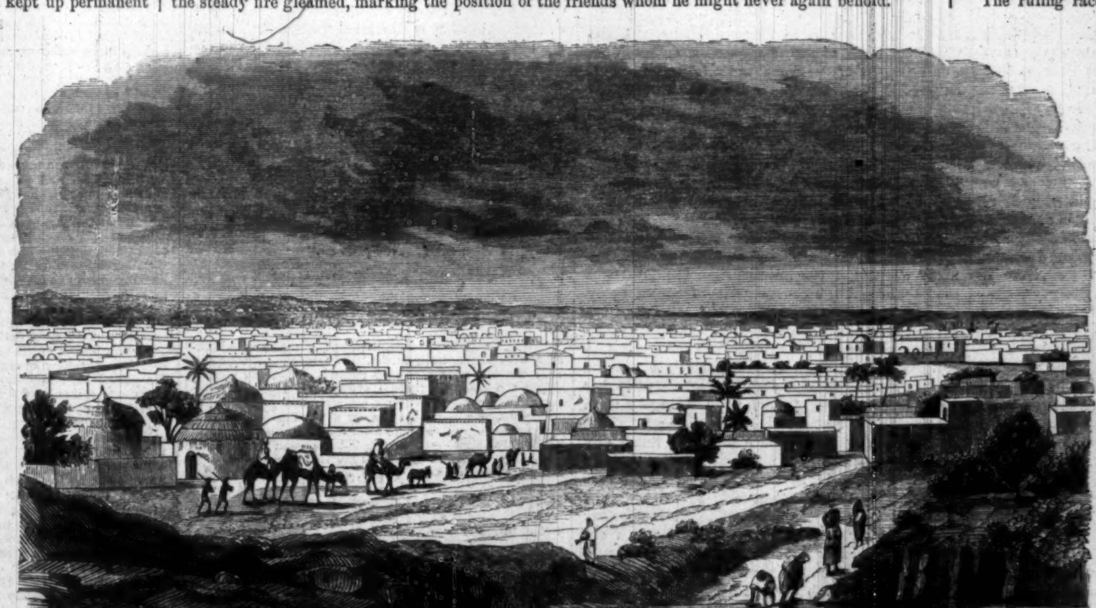
As he cast a despairing look through the gathering gloom over the pitiless waste, he heard the cry of a camel. No music ever sounded so sweetly. Raising himself a little, he saw, not far off, a man mounted on a camel, looking eagerly around. It was one of his escort, who had come upon his tracks in the sand, and was following upon his trace. Barth cried out feebly for water. The man heard him, and after bathing his head gave him a draught. So swollen was his throat that he could hardly swallow. He was then put upon the camel and borne to the caravan. The natives scarcely believed that he could be alive; for they say that no man can live in the desert without water for more than twelve hours. Save with his own blood, Barth had not moistened his parched lips for eight-and-twenty hours.

Crossing the desert, and entering a country which gradually became more inhabitable, they approached the territory of Aïr. Hitherto their journey had led through regions not wholly untraversed by travelers. They were now to enter an untried land, and to encounter strange people. They were repeatedly alarmed by reports that robbers were approaching, and were harassed by continual fears of an attack.

One day, as Barth was marching on a little in advance of the caravan, two blacks suddenly sprang upon him, and demanded tribute. He was about to answer the demand with a pistol-shot when he received an explanation which illustrates a striking peculiarity of African life.

The ruling race in Aïr are Berbers, who long ago overran and conquered the original black inhabitants. A singular agreement was entered into between the two races, in virtue of which the blacks were to submit themselves as slaves; but the chief of the red conquerors was always to have a black wife; and as a memorial of this covenant, whenever a caravan passed the spot where it was ratified the slaves were to have the right of levying a small tribute upon their masters. They were now at this place, and one of the blacks was the *Serki-n-bai*—the "chief of the slaves"—who was merely claiming this vested right. The existence of a conquering and an enslaved class is a distinguishing feature of African life. Here in Aïr, the conquerors were red Berbers from the desert; further south they are black Fellatas, or Fulbe, from the region of the Niger. But slavery is every where.

The travelers soon learned that their apprehensions were not groundless. One day they were surrounded by a large body of armed men, who fiercely demanded that the three Christians should either embrace the Moslem faith or return at once, as no infidel had ever passed or should ever



KANO, THE EMPORIUM OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

pass through their country. The travelers stood their ground; they would pay the customary tribute levied upon caravans, but they would not go back, neither would they abandon their faith. At length it was agreed that, upon the payment of a heavy ransom, they should be allowed to proceed as far as the residence of the great chief Annur, who would decide upon their case.

The chief received them not ungraciously. He said that even if, as Christians, they had come to his country stained with crime, still the dangers and difficulties through which they had passed would have washed them clean; that henceforth they had only thieves and the climate to fear; if they chose to proceed at their own risk, they were at perfect liberty to do so; but if they wished him to escort and protect them, they must pay him roundly for his trouble.

The famous kingdom of Aïr did not answer to its ancient repute. Agades, the capital, which formerly contained 60,000 inhabitants, has now scarcely a tenth part of that number, and is a town of ruins. The people live mainly in huts made of the stalks of a plant, looking not unlike a hay-stack; their food consists chiefly of a kind of millet and Guinea corn, though they have a little maize and rice. Their chief delicacy is cheese, which they prefer to use by pounding it to powder, and mingling it with water. Their petty chiefs are great dealers in slaves, which they procure, other means failing, by razzias upon the surrounding tribes.

After remaining in Aïr much longer than they wished, the travelers set out for southward, under the protection of a caravan which was sent by Annur with salt, destined for the great city of Kano, the emporium of Central Africa. They were now approaching the proper Negroland, the home of the giraffe and ostrich. The aspect of the country improved as they advanced. Tokens of industry appeared. Fields of Indian corn grew more and more numerous, and the huts of the people were constructed from the stalks.

As they reached the borders of Negroland, the travelers resolved to take separate routes, in order to explore as much of the country as possible. Their parting was a sad one, "for in Central Africa," says Mr. Richardson, "those travelers who part can scarcely count on all meeting again." His foreboding was realized; he never again saw his comrades.

Doctor Barth alone proceeded to Kano, which he reached on the 1st of February, 1851, almost a year after the departure from Tripoli. His plight was far from enviable. The merchandise which he had brought, thinking it would be more available than money, had been badly chosen. In one way and another he had been robbed of the most valuable part of it in passing through the desert. Every petty chief must have a present. These were, indeed, often small in amount; for to one great man, whose favor he was very anxious to secure, he gave only a razor, a knife, a German silver mirror, half a pound of cloves, and a bit of scented soap. Still the aggregate was considerable, and on his arrival at Kano, he was very "hard up." He records it as a special instance of good luck that he one day succeeded in borrowing a dollar to meet his necessary expenses, and soon after thought himself quite a rich man when he unexpectedly came into possession of a couple of dollars. A dollar, however, is no inconsiderable sum here, since for five-and-twenty dollars a year a family can live quite respectably. The currency is the cowrie-shell, here called "kurdi," of which 2500 are worth a dollar; and as nobody will take them without counting them piece by piece, it is no small labor to make a considerable payment. He mentions at one time that he had just finished the task of counting out 500,000 shells.

Kano is a town of some 30,000 or 40,000 inhabitants, and is a place of great manufacturing and commercial importance. Of cotton cloths manufactured here, the value of not less than 300,000,000 kurdi are exported to other parts of Africa. This is the leading branch of industry, though the other productions of the country are far from inconsiderable. A large amount of European goods finds a way hither, at present by means of caravans overland; but it is hoped that no long time will elapse before the Niger will be opened for navigation, when European and American manufactures will reach Central Africa from the coast, to be exchanged for the rich and varied products of Central Africa. In this event Kano can hardly fail to become a place of very great commercial note.

After a while matters began to mend with the traveler. A few supplies reached him, and he was enabled to set out for the neighboring State of Bornu, in the expectation of rejoining his comrades. While on this journey he accidentally met with a horseman, from whom he inquired the news from Kukawa the capital. All was well, he said, but a Christian, who was on his way to pay his respects to the Sheik, had died about twenty days before. This Christian was Mr. Richardson. He had been haunted with gloomy forebodings. Just after he separated from his comrades he dreamed that a bird came down from the sky, and alighted on the branch of a tree which broke beneath him. A native dream-interpreter told him that this was an omen of his own death. This prognostic preyed upon his mind; he grew ill, with no well-defined disease, and took medicine, apparently at random, but grew weaker and weaker. At midnight he asked for a cup of coffee, but could hardly raise it to his lips. "Your office is over," he said to his servant, who was watching by his side; "I have no strength; I tell you I have no strength." Then, with difficulty, raising himself to a sitting posture, he drew three heavy breaths and died.

The death of the leader of the expedition left Barth in an embarrassing position. Mr. Richardson's servants clamored loudly for their unpaid salaries, which the survivors had no present means of satisfying, much less any adequate means of following up the objects of the expedition. His proceedings do great credit to his financial and diplomatic skill. He induced the vizier not only to give up all the effects of Mr. Richardson, of which he had taken possession, but even to lend him a considerable sum of money, with which he was able to satisfy the creditors of the mission, and to pursue his journeyings until remittances came from Europe. In the difficult art of traveling without money he might give some lessons even to his countrywoman, the redoubtable Ida Pfeiffer.

Kukawa, the capital of Bornu, was the central point from which Barth set out on his exploring tours; leaving him here for the present, we propose, in another paper, to follow him in his various journeys through Negroland, and to present a picture of life in these hitherto unknown regions.

GOSSIP ABOUT POISONERS.

IT is not a little remarkable, in looking back from the stand-point of Madeleine Smith's trial at Scottish annals of crime, to remember how often they speak of female poisoners, and how seldom any conviction followed their prosecution. The earliest case of any note was of Lady Glammis—very likely of the Macbeth family—who escaped trial for the poisoning of her husband through the difficulties which even now assail Attorney-Generals—the difficulties of getting jurors. Men even of substance and standing paid penalties for not attending as jurors, and enough of them from the vicinage could not be obtained. The reason was that James V. of Scotland appeared to persecute her, and the popular sympathy went out in her behalf. This was in 1532, but four years later she was burned on a charge of poisoning the King, and a certain Alexander Mack, who sold the "philtre," had his ears cut off and was banished into *an adjoining county!* David Scott, in his History of Scotland, devotes almost as many pages to a discussion upon her beauty and innocence as may yet be written upon the same topics regarding Mademoiselle Smith and Madame Cunning-burdell. Sixty years afterward a Lady Fowlis, who was second wife to an earl of that name, was tried and acquitted on a charge of poisoning the Earl's heir by his first wife. He was made to drink a stoup of poisoned ale, the evil material of which was purchased under the pretense, yet so fashionable in crime, that it was for the destruction of rats. The indictment is very quaint, and speaks of "rattoun poison in ane piece of leather;" and the chronicles of the period, in narrating her acquittal, speak very harshly of the course of justice being influenced by her wealthy and powerful connections, especially inasmuch as the alleged abettors, who were domestics, were hanged for the offense. There were grumblers in 1537 as in 1857.

In 1613 one Robert Erskine and his three sisters were tried for the poisoning (in ale) of their nephew, the young Laird of Dun, avarice being the motive. The fair ladies appear by the account to have gone into the matter with system, and their interviews with a wild sorceress named Janet, who finally furnished the "herbs," would do credit to any modern broker. The dying lad made a "declaration," which was the means of a conviction, and one part of it reminds us forcibly of Prince Arthur's pathetic appeals to Hubert. Said the laird as he turned black and "dwined away in great dolour and pain:" "Woe is me that I ever had right of succession to any lands or living; for if I had been born some cotter's son such wicked practices had not been plotted against me for my lands."

In 1765 the pamphleteers and gossips of Edinburgh received a grand impetus from the developments upon a poisoning case among the braes of Angus, and from the romantic incidents which attended the discovery, trial, condemnation, and escape of the beautiful offender. A well-to-do Scottish laird, named Ogilvie, had taken for wife a beauty of nineteen years old wherewith to solace his cares of middle-age and his solitude in a secluded mountainous region. She was a gay belle, well worshiped in Edinburgh, and her alliance with the invalid laird astonished all her friends save those who knew that, wherever her hand might be placed by the law, her heart was given by Cupid to the laird's younger brother, an officer in the army. She married in frosty January, and she killed her husband in the succeeding sunny June. The intrigues of the "bonnie bride" and her gallant brother-in-law were very shameful according to the evidence, and, as on the late trial of Madeleine Smith, all the love-letters were produced and read. They are not quite so warm and passionate as were those which went to the counter-jumper L'Angelier; but the captain appears to have prized them more than the latter cared for his. The good-for-nothing brother was turned away, for which the young wife "threatened that her husband should have a dose;" and sure enough, not many days after the intimidation, the laird was seized with all the concomitants of poisoning by arsenic, and soon died. The military lover was proven to have procured arsenic from the surgeon of his regiment under an excuse it was needed to kill dogs who unduly worried game. About the time of its procurement a package was sent by her lover to Mrs. Ogilvie, who acted strangely upon its receipt, and aroused the suspicion of some about her husband, who warned him not to touch any thing prepared by his wife. But it seems that the old story prevailed of the handsome young wife wheedling the uxorious old fool; and although he had detected her starching ruffles for his brother and her lover, the very material for which she had run him in debt, the old laird forgot his prudence, and one morning received the poisonous draught from her hands. He died, but his body was not opened, and both herself and the officer were convicted upon a death by poison where symptoms alone were put in evidence, and compared with those peculiar to death by arsenic. The paramour was hung protesting his innocence, and his protestations became the more dramatic from the fact of their accompanying the very death-rattle in his throat. He had been suspended a few moments when the rope broke, and amidst his outcries and spasmodic conflicts with the guards came his protestations anew. But the *morale* of his guilt was overwhelming, however much the lawyers may differ under the absence of a *post mortem* regarding its *legale*. The convict widow pleaded pregnancy in arrest of judgment. Popular sentiment was indecorous upon its truth, and the judges and lawyers were put to their *finesse* in the game she played. But delivered she was—some of the gossips said her powerful friends had brought her child in a warming-pan, as the Pretender, by Bishop Burnet and other naughty chroniclers, was said to have been introduced to the courtiers of James the Second! After her confinement she received sundry indulgences. Her room door was left open one night for air, and she took advantage of the occasion to get up and array herself in a suit of male apparel, in which she passed the guards. Heavy rewards offered for her apprehension failed to bring her back again, and for long years afterward the romancers of Edinburgh amused themselves with stories of her residence in France in luxury, and as a new wife of distinguished connection.

It is not a little singular that a relative of hers—a captain in the Royal Scots—had been poisoned a few years previously by his wife through the aid of an "herb concocter," and thus to the same family was furnished a victim and a culprit "in the same line of damnation"—to employ a quaint phrase of an old Scottish advocate.

Twenty years later a Scottish jury was as anxious to acquit a certain Anne Inglis for the murder of her faithless swain as one had been zealous to convict Mistress Ogilvie, and on evidence much more convincing in the later case. "The Black Calendar of Aberdeen" gives but insufficient testimony of the trial, yet enough appears to warrant the belief that Annie Inglis was a true culprit. She was the servant of Patrick Pirie in Banffshire, who had promised her marriage; but he was to wed another. "There would be a burial before a bridal," said the panel (the name by which the accused is known at the Scottish dock). And soon after she gave him a draught of ale which led almost immediately to burning pains, and thirst, and vomiting. He died, and on *post mortem* the inner coat of the stomach was found corroded! The surgeons said on theory that "sulphate of copper would produce this." In her chest (unknown to the surgeons) had been found a paper of that corrosive poison. She said that this was for her toothache, but all her teeth were sound! Thus was a concurrence of corrosive poison in the deceased and in *her* possession—with proof of immediate pains upon *her* draught—and false statements by her respecting the possession of the poison; nevertheless she was acquitted.

A quarter of a century later, by way of a change, the sex of poisoning was reversed, and a farmer was tried for poisoning his servant whom he had betrayed. She died in horrible spasms, and a large quantity of arsenic appeared in her viscera. The farmer was proven to have purchased arsenic, and to give the old story about rats. She lived with her betrayer and ate with him. When informed of her pains he colored up—never told her mother—never sent for medical attendance—and on her death asked, "Suppose she should be poisoned, would her stomach swell?" The people demanded a verdict of guilty, and so did the evidence; but against prejudice, evidence, and the charge of the judge, there was one "Not proven." This was due to the masterly eloquence of Mr. Cockburn, who demanded that there should be intermediate proof of administration. A similar trial and acquittal had resulted a few months before. This was as late as 1827.

Two years afterward, one Katie Wright was convicted of poisoning a Clyde steam-passenger. Four years afterward, a Mrs. Byres gave arsenic to a guest in a Glasgow public-house. About the same time, a Mrs. Humphrey poured a wine-glass full of sulphuric acid down her husband's throat, occasioning a terrible death.

But of all the audacious instances, one which occurred in Edinburgh about 1840 was the most remarkable. A wife, beaten almost to a jelly by her brutal husband, rushed to a chemist's—"See here," said she, pointing to her face, "what the rats at my house have done—give me arsenic for the rat who did the last blow." She obtained it, and mixed the poison with his last dram on earth. Of course there was a speedy hanging.

A number of other instances might be cited; but these are sufficient to show how full the annals of Scottish crime are of female poisoning, as well as to indicate the difficulties in the way of convictions. Let the civilized world hope that no fresh immunity be taken from the recent trial of the self-possessed Madeleine Smith, and the almost stereotyped verdict of "Not proven."

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"WHAT nonsense! I'm tired," exclaimed an old bachelor, with boiling indignation, "of hearing that old question mooted over and over again! Why, the women (bless the dear creatures!) always are right! There never was an argument, or a quarrel, or a grievance, or a dispute, or a spoiled child, or a missing button, or a separation, or a divorce, or an unbecoming bonnet, or an over-boiled leg of mutton yet, but a woman was invariably in the right! I'm sure all her rights are divine—divine as herself—and as, of old, one of the divine rights of kings was, 'A king can do no wrong,' so nowadays one of the divine rights of woman is, 'A woman is never wrong.' And it's my belief, Sir, that she couldn't do it, not even if she were to try!"

On a tombstone in the West is the common inscription, "Prepare to follow me!" under which a wag has written—

"To follow you I'll not consent,
Until I know which way you went."

The New York *Evening Post* says, "It is a fact, of the credit of which we are a little tenacious, that no editor, so far as we know, has ever been sentenced to the State Prison." It is pleasant to see personal gratitude expressed in such general and generous terms.

One debt begets another. If a man owes you a sovereign he is sure to owe you a grudge too, and he is generally more ready to pay interest on the latter than on the former.

Have you enemies? Go straight on and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them, and do your duty regardless of spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for any thing—he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that it resists nothing; while every one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks, is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive, active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded by enemies, used to remark: "They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves." Let this be your feeling, while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute with them, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let them talk—there will be a reaction if you perform your duty; and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

"If a man steals my umbrella," says Hunker, "it's no use makin' a fuss—it only shows *that umbrella equilibrium has been broken!* Now, if *I* take one *from some one else, that restores the equipoise*—there is, really, no umbrella *lost;* an umbrella is only *lost* when it is *used up.*"

Dr. Johnson made short work with the tough question of Free Will. "Sir," he said to Boswell, "we *know* our will is free, and there's an end on't."

TO MAKE LAGER BIER.—Take a barrel, fill it with rain-water, put in one pair of old boots, a head of last fall's cabbage, two short sixes, a sprig of wormwood, and a little yeast.

Let it work,
And when clear,
You'll have excellent
Lager bier!

Merriam says that persons struck by lightning should not be given up as dead for at least three hours. During the first two hours they should be drenched freely with cold water, and, if this fails to produce restoration, then add salt, and continue the drenching for another hour.

A printer, in setting up "We are but parts of a stupendous whole," by mistake of a letter made it read, "We are but parts of a stupendous whale."

Never remind people of personal deformity or of the relatives who have disgraced them.

"Say, Pomp, you nigger, where you get dat new hat?"
"Why, at de shop, ob course."
"What is de price of such an article as dat?"
"I don't know, nigger—I don't know—*de shop-keeper wasn't dar.*"

Two ladies presented themselves at the door of a fancy ball, and upon being asked by the usher what characters they personated, they replied they were without any special costume; whereupon the stupid fellow bawled out, "Two ladies without any character."

An auctioneer was selling a lot of land for agricultural purposes—"Gentlemen," said he, "this is the most delightful land. It is the easiest land to cultivate—it is so light—so very light. Mr. Parker, here, will corroborate my statement—he owns the next patch, and he will tell you how easy it is worked." "Yes, gentlemen," said Mr. Parker, "it is very easy to work, but it is a plaguy sight easier to gather the crops."

An advertisement in the San Francisco *Globe*, reads thus: "The proprietor of the 'Tehama' House recommends it to the public as 'earthquake proof!'"

A far-seeing teetotaler being asked the meaning of syntax, wittingly replied, "The tax one has to pay for getting drunk!"

Thomas Fuller relates a curious incident, which is truly characteristic, and shows how fancy will put life into young limbs. "A gentleman," he says, "having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to be weary, and jointly cried to him to carry them; which, because of their multitude, he could not do, but he told them he would provide them horses to ride on. Then cutting little wands out of the hedges as nags for them, and a larger one for himself, they mounted, and those who could scarce stand before, now full of mirth, bounded cheerfully home.

A young clergyman, modest almost to bashfulness, was once asked by a country apothecary of a contrary character, in a public assembly, and in a tone sufficient to catch the attention of the whole company, "How it happened that the patriarchs lived to such an old age?" To which he immediately replied, "Perhaps they took no physic." The apothecary was vanquished.

The ambition to be witty sometimes overcomes even a youth's filial affection.

"John," said a father to his son on the day he was twenty-one, "you have got a fool for your master now."

"Yes," said John, "and have had these twenty years."

The editor of a firm Democratic weekly paper, in the rural districts of Michigan, recently addressed the following letter to Governor Bingham:

"Sir,—I did my utmost, as Editor of *The —— Democrat*, to defeat you, and am very sorry I didn't succeed. Please send me, by return of mail, a Notary Public's Commission. Yours, etc., —— ——."

The commission was promptly sent.

A hoosier stopped opposite one of our fashionable drinking-saloons, and, with his hands deep in his pockets, and the front of his chin turned up, seemed looking with absorbing interest into the interior at an individual luxuriating on a julep, with a straw accompaniment.

"Well, ef that ain't a new kink!" he says. "Who'd a thort of sech a thing as a green sass drink? How consarned cool that feller sucks it!" soliloquized he, moving his body in a sympathetic manner, as if engaged in drawing the fluid himself. "I'll hev a taste of that mixtur' ef I bust a bit," was his conclusion; so in he went.

"What will you take, Sir?" inquired the bar-keeper.

"Jest go on and give that feller his licker, 'cause I ain't half so dry as he looks," said our hoosier, pointing to a customer at the other end of the counter.

"Now, Sir?" again said the attentive attendant.

The hoosier reached across the counter, took hold of his collar, and, drawing him close up, whispered in his ear:

"A green sass drink, with all the fixings!" and then he winked his eye familiarly, as if to convey his meaning more fully, that all the ingredients be there.

"Yes, Sir," said the bar-keeper.

The mint was fixed in the ice beside it, the sugar piled on top, and the fluid delicately poured over all, *à l'Empire;* the whole was then commingled, and, with the accompanying straw ornament, handed to the customer. He pulled his hands out of his pockets, picked up his glass, and commenced a first suck, then a *guffaw*, which exercise he continued till the straw squealed with emptiness, whereupon setting it down, he pulled out his bit, and repeating the operation of whispering to the bar-keeper, told him, secretly:

"I've seed through them ar' green sass drinks; they're pooty good, all 'cept the ice, and I reckon they're cold enough 'thout that; but, stranger, that fodder stuff is an amazing cute idee for the temperance folks; it's put in, I calculate, to hide the licker!"

A couple of patent "safe" sharpers got hold of a supposed greenhorn, near one of the hotels, whom they found to be so extraordinarily verdant that caution on their part was entirely laid aside. Greeny was ready enough to go it blind on their "safe," but his wife had got all his money, and he wanted a good pretext to get it out of her. So he borrowed a gold watch of the sharpers, in order to show to his wife as a desired purchase—entered the hotel—stepped out of another door—and the sharpers have not seen him since.

A lawyer, after a little reflection, remarked that he had said he believed the court could be bought with a peck of beans; that he had said it without reflecting, and wished to take it back; adding, "If I had put it at half a bushel, I never would have taken it back in the world!"

A clergyman was rebuked by a brother of the cloth, a few days ago, for smoking. The culprit replied that he used the weed in moderation. "What do you call moderation?" inquired the other. "Why, Sir," said the offender, "one cigar at a time."

The Keokuk *Post* presents the following many-horned dilemma: "We could not but be amused at the centralizing efforts of a man on Main Street the other night. He had been to some grocery, and was walking along the pavement with a cabbage under each arm, some potatoes in the bosom of his shirt, a beef-steak in one hand and two pullets in the other, besides a brick or two in his hat. Here his troubles commenced. He dropped one cabbage; stooped to pick it up, spilled his potatoes; laid down the steak and chickens; put the potatoes in his pockets; the cabbage in his bosom; meanwhile one chicken traveled off; laid the cabbages down and started in pursuit of the truant chicken; caught it; found chicken No. 2 had taken leg bail; wedged chicken No. 1 between the two cabbages and a stone, and made after No. 2; captured it, and when we left was trying to arrange matters for convenience of carriage, to the amusement of a crowd of lookers-on."

Discretion is the most indispensable qualification for a female writer. The world seldom praises genius in a woman without attempting to disparage character; she must therefore deem it a far higher celebrity to be called blameless than talented.

When great people are in distress, they are apt to receive very liberal proffers of assistance from little ones. "Ah! what shall I do?" exclaimed a horse in a quagmire. "Take hold of my tail," squeaked a pompous little mouse.

We have heard of a fellow who was determined to commit suicide, even if he perished in the attempt.

A physician being called to a young lady who was indisposed, wished to feel her pulse, at which, blushing with that false shame which is almost an infallible token of the want of true modesty, and apparently dreading that the doctor should touch her naked arm, the chaste creature drew down the sleeves of her gown close to her hand. The physician perceiving this, immediately took up the flap of his coat, and entirely covering his own hand, while he affected to feel her pulse—

"A linen pulse, miss," said he, "should always have a woolen doctor."

Sheridan said, beautifully: "Women govern us; let us render them perfect; the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men."

Dibdin had a horse which he called Graphy. "Very odd name," remarked Oxberry. "Not at all," replied the wit, "it's quite logical. When I bought him, it was a Buy-a-graphy; when I mount him it is Top-o-graphy; and when I want him to go, it is Gee-ho-graphy."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday Evening, Aug.* 31, 1857.

THE trade of the week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Aug. 29, 1857	$4,247,154	$1,364,215
Corresponding week, 1856	4,285,997	826,274
Increase		$537,941
Decrease	$48,843	

Of specie we sent out about $550,000, of which $400,000 went from Boston. An accident which delayed the Panama steamer, with $1,600,000 on board, and the absence of a steamer from this port on Saturday, operated to diminish the shipment.

In Wall Street, the week has been one of panic. On Monday, the Ohio Life and Trust Company failed; on the following days of the week, Messrs. Delaunay, Iselin & Clark, Messrs. Atwood & Co., and a number of other stock-brokers of smaller note. Messrs. Chambers & Heiser, California merchants, also suspended during the week. These failures brought quantities of stock of every kind on the market, and led to a severe decline in every class of securities.

Money is very scarce and dear. Ten per cent. is paid on first-class paper, and second rate securities are selling at all kinds of prices. In consequence of the tightness of the Money Market, Exchange has at present a declining tendency.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday Evening, August* 31, 1857.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets display less activity. Breadstuffs are more freely offered at reduced prices, but the demand lacks vigor. We quote: Ordinary to extra State Flour $5 90 @ $6 50; Superfine to fancy Western do. $5 90 @ $6 30; fancy to extra Genessee do. $6 65 @ $8 50; extra Western do. $6 25 @ $9 75; ordinary superfine to extra Canadian do. $6 00 @ $8 00; mixed to choice extra Southern do. $6 30 @ $8 25; fine to superfine Rye Flour $3 90 @ $5 25; Corn Meal $4 15 @ $4 20 for Jersey, and $4 25 @ $4 50 for Brandywine, per barrel. The bulk of the week's sales of Flour and Meal were to home dealers. Wheat has been inquired for by the home trade and by shippers, closing at $1 50 @ $1 75 for White, and $1 30 @ $1 40 for Red, per bushel. Corn was pretty freely dealt in, but at unsettled prices. It leaves off at 84 @ 85 c. for unsound; 85½ @ 86 c. for mixed Western; 90 c. for prime Yellow Southern, and 90 @ 92 c. for White do., per bushel. Rye is inactive and languid at 93 @ 95 c. per bushel. Barley is unchanged. Oats are moderately sought after, and are steady at 60 @ 63 c. for Western; 57 @ 60 c. for State; 52 @ 59 c. for Jersey; 50 @ 53 c. for Canadian; 50 @ 58 c. for Pennsylvania; 42 @ 48 c. for Southern, per bushel. Provisions have been in fair request at essentially unchanged prices for all articles, save Pork, which has advanced. We now quote; Mess Pork $26 00; Prime do. $21 75, per barrel; Hams 13 c.; Shoulders 12 @ 12½ c.; Smoked Bacon 15 c.; Lard 16 @ 16½ c., per pound; Repacked Western Mess Beef $17 00 @ $18 00 per barrel; Prime Mess Beef $30 00 @ $31 00, per tierce; Beef Hams $23 50 @ $24 00 per barrel; common to choice State Butter, 18 @ 25 c.; Cheese, 9 @ 10 c. per pound. Cotton has been sparingly offered at very full rates. Hence it has been purchased with much reserve. Middling Uplands, 15½; do. Gulfs, 15¾ @ 16 c. per pound. The new crop is beginning to appear in the Southern markets. The first bale of the season, received in Charleston, reached that port on the 20th inst., from Marion County, Florida. Our available stock of Cotton is now about 27,625 bales, against 26,000 bales same time last year. Groceries are depressed and declining. Rio Coffee, 10½ @ 12½ c. per pound; Cuba Muscavado Sugar, 7½ @ 9½ c. per pound; do. do. Molasses, 45 @ 48 c. per gallon; Cuba Honey, 83 c., in bond, and 95 c. @ $1 00, free, per gallon; Hyson Teas, 37 @ 75; Oolong Teas, 40 @ 75 c. per pound; Rice, $4 75 @ $5 75 per 100 pounds. Hay is in demand for shipment, and North River commands 70 @ 80 c. per 100 pounds. Hemp, Hops, and Grass Seeds are quiet at old quotations. Hides are lightly dealt in, while Sole Leather is in improved demand, at firmer and rising prices. Naval Stores are generally in limited supply, and are quiet, yet stiffly held. Tobacco is saleable and firm. Wool is less active, but is unchanged in value.

Freights were tame, and rates were somewhat irregular. For Liverpool, Cotton, 2s. 6d. @ 3s. per bale; Flour, 6d. per barrel; Grain, 3d. @ 3½d. per bushel; Beef, 9d. per tierce; Rosin, 6d. per barrel; and heavy goods, 7s. 6d. @ 12s. 6d. per ton. For other ports proportionate quotations. There were in this port on Saturday, 695 vessels, including 35 steamers, 180 ships, 113 barks, 91 brigs, and 276 schooners. Seamen are less abundant and getting higher wages. The prevailing currency, according to the *Shipping List*, is as follows:

	Wages.	Advance.
To Liverpool .... per month	$20	$20
To London	18	18
To Havre	17	17
To North of Europe	17	17
To Mediterranean and South America	16	16
To West Indies	18	18
To East Indies and California	15	30
Coasting	20	10

The Live Stock Market was firmer for Beeves, which were decidedly less abundant, while the demand was fair. The week's receipts, according to returns from the principal markets, were 2703 Beeves, 244 Milch Cows, 711 Veal Calves, 13,836 Sheep and Lambs, and 1389 Swine,—against 4332 Beeves, 223 Milch Cows, 975 Veal Calves, 11,024 Sheep and Lambs, and 1584 Swine, the preceding week. The range of prices for Beeves at the Forty-fourth Street Market, last Wednesday, was from 9½ for the poorest, to 13 c. for first quality, the general average having been 11½ c. per pound. A large proportion of the Beeves on sale at Forty-fourth Street were thin, light steers, which needed longer grazing to make them fit for the butcher. Wednesday evening the yards were about cleared out. It is barely possible that there will be enough brought in to meet the requirements of consumers the current week. Milch Cows, with their calves at their sides, were rather more sought after, at former rates. Veal Calves were less abundant, and were in request, at 5½ @ 8 c. per pound. Sheep and Lambs were unusually plenty, and though inquired for pretty briskly, prices favored buyers. The receipts for the week were larger than for any previous week during several years past. A large proportion were Lambs, many of which were light and thin. The bulk of the week's sales were effected at from $2 62½ @ $5 50 per head. Swine were less freely offered than they were needed, and they closed very firmly, with an upward tendency, at 8 @ 8½ c. for live, and 10 @ 10½ c. for dressed, per pound. Stock Hogs are worth 7½ @ 7¾ c. per pound.

The Country Produce Markets are well supplied with vegetables, for which prevails a good inquiry, but at easier prices. Fruit is becoming plentier and cheaper, especially Peaches. Poultry is also more freely offered at drooping rates. The demand is animated.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$2 00	@	$6 00
Blackberries, per bushel	$4 50	@	$5 00
Whortleberries, per bushel	$2 00	@	$2 50
Pears, per barrel	$2 00	@	$5 50
Peaches, per basket	$1 50	@	$2 50
Plums, per bushel	$3 00	@	$4 50
Potatoes, new, per barrel	$1 87½	@	$3 00
" sweet, per barrel	$4 50	@	$5 50
Onions, new, per 100 bunches	$4 00	@	$4 50
" per bushel	88	@	$1 00
Turnips, new, per barrel	50	@	$1 00
Tomatoes, per basket	37	@	50
Lettuce, per hundred	$1 00	@	$1 25
Squashes, new, per barrel	75	@	$1 75
Watermelons, per 100	$10 00	@	$20 00
Beets, per 100 bunches	$2 00	@	$3 50
Cucumbers, per 100	50	@	75
Cabbages, per 100	$2 00	@	$6 00
Cauliflowers, per dozen	$1 00	@	$1 25
Chicory, per 100	$1 00	@	$1 25
Parsnips, per dozen bunches	50	@	—
Carrots, per 100 bunches	$2 00	@	$2 50
Nutmeg Melons, per barrel	$2 50	@	$4 00
Beans, per basket	37	@	50
" per bushel	75	@	—
Corn, per 100 ears	50	@	62½
Butter, Western, per pound	15	@	19
" State, per pound	18	@	25
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	15	@	15½
Live Fowls, per pair	87½	@	$1 00
Ducks, Spring, per pair	$1 00	@	$1 25
Turkeys, per pound	16	@	18
Geese, each	$1 00	@	$1 50
Pigeons, Squab, per dozen	$2 00	@	$2 25
Woodcock, per dozen	$5 00	@	$5 25
Beef, per pound	10	@	13
Mutton, per pound	8	@	12
Lamb, per pound	9	@	12½
Veal, per pound	11	@	12
Pork, per pound	10½	@	10¾

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTHING TO DO: A Tilt at Our Best Society. BY A GENTLEMAN.
This Poem is a companion and *Sequel* to the well-known NOTHING TO WEAR. The hero, Augustus Fitz Herbert, encounters, at the Potiphars' party, Miss Flora M'Flimsey, of Madison Square, and the result is "A Marriage in High Life."
Published by JAMES FRENCH & CO., Boston, by whom orders are respectfully solicited.

BULWER'S POEMS.
We shall publish early in September
DRAMAS AND POEMS. By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON. With a new and beautifully engraved Steel Portrait, and a Biographical Introduction. 1 vol. 32mo, Blue and Gold—to match "Swain's Poems"—75 cents.
The very popular Dramas of "THE LADY OF LYONS" and "RICHELIEU" are presented to the public for the first time in connection with his smaller poems, and will prove an acceptable addition to the "Blue and Gold" Series of the Poets, and be eagerly sought after by the many admirers of the distinguished novelist.
WHITTEMORE, NILES, & HALL, Publishers, No. 114 Washington Street, Boston.

CHEAPEST AND BEST IN THE WORLD.
Now ready and for sale by all Newsvenders,
PARTS I. TO IX. INCLUSIVE OF THE
MONTHLY PARTS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY, the most valuable and interesting Publication of the day. Each MONTHLY PART contains 64 PAGES of choice reading, and numerous SPLENDID ILLUSTRATIONS. Price 20 cents per Part. Dealers supplied by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

THE BEST MUSIC-BOOK.
THE HOSANNA!
A NEW COLLECTION OF PSALM AND HYMN TUNES, ANTHEMS, MOTETTS, SENTENCES, AND CHANTS,
For the use of Choirs, Congregations, Singing-Schools, and Musical Associations. Arranged and composed by LEONARD MARSHALL.
The most eminent Professors, who have examined "THE HOSANNA," pronounce it the very best book, taken in all its details, ever published. A teacher of music styles it the "Best American Collection of Church Music." Mr. Marshall aims at *simplicity and good melody;* he bases his elementary part on the Pestalozzian system, and a *sober and devout spirit* pervades throughout the work.
"THE HOSANNA" is a handsomely printed volume of 384 pages. A specimen of the work will be sent gratis, or copies will be mailed, post paid, on receipt of 75 cents.
WHITTEMORE, NILES, & HALL, Publishers, 114 Washington Street, Boston.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.
I seldom was sick in my life;
Few times either headache or pains;
I have a dear love of a wife,
A boy, and a girl, and some gains.
And, reader, if you would have health,
Without either fever or chills,
And wisdom, dear babies, and wealth,
Like me, you must use BRANDRETH'S PILLS.
Principal Office, 43 Brandreth Building, New York.

GIFTS! GIFTS!! GIFTS!!!
A. RANNEY, Publisher, No. 293 Broadway, N. Y., offers for sale
500,000 BOOKS AND MAPS,
of all kinds, at publishers' prices, to be accompanied with
500,000 GIFTS,
WORTH FROM 25 CENTS TO $200 EACH,
consisting of
GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, GOLD LOCKETS, GOLD CHAINS, CAMEO PINS AND DROPS, GOLD BRACELETS, GOLD PENCILS, SEWING-BIRDS,
IN SHORT, JEWELRY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
RETICULES, LADIES' PURSES, PORTEMONNAIES, &c., &c., &c., &c.
$150 worth of GIFTS distributed with every 500 Books.
A GIFT will be delivered with every Book sold for One Dollar or more. Although no book or article will be sold for more than the usual retail price, many will be sold for *less*. Persons wishing any particular book can order at once, and it will be forwarded with a Gift. Persons ordering Books with Gifts should forward the amount of Postage, as it must invariably be paid in advance. The average Postage for $1 00 and $1 25 Books is 18 cents, and for $1 50 and $2 00 Books, 21 cents.
INDUCEMENTS TO CLUBS AND AGENTS.
A BOOK AND GIFT WITHOUT MONEY.
Any person, by forwarding an order for Books (with money inclosed), will receive an EXTRA BOOK and GIFT with every Ten Books to be sent to One Address.
This method of forming Clubs saves postage, as the package goes by Express.
Full information respecting this GREAT GIFT ENTERPRISE, together with a complete LIST of BOOKS and GIFTS, will be furnished in our Catalogue, which is sent, post paid, to any address, on application. Address, A. RANNEY, No. 293 Broadway, New York.

MISS HAINES
Informs her friends and the Public, that her School, No. 10 GRAMERCY PARK (East 20th Street), New York, will commence on Wednesday, September 16.
A punctual attendance of her pupils is respectfully requested.

LECTURE SEASON, 1857–8.
MR. G. VANDENHOFF,
43 BEDFORD STREET, BOSTON,
is now making his arrangements with
LYCEUMS, ATHENÆUMS, &c.
With Vandenhoff's acquirements, and his advantages of voice and manner, he is calculated to be the most successful and popular lecturer of the day. As a dramatic reader, there is no one in the country who can compete with him.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

GENEVA MEDICAL COLLEGE.
The Winter Course at this Institute will commence on October 1, 1857.
The Spring Course, April 1, 1858.—Each to continue Sixteen Weeks.
FEES (*payable in advance*):
Matriculation (payable once) $8 00
Tickets for the whole course 32 00
Graduation 20 00
Demonstrator's ticket 3 00
Anatomical material 5 00
A Catalogue of the School and other particulars may be obtained by applying to
J. TOWLER, Dean of the Faculty.

PHELAN'S IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES.—Patented Feb. 19, 1856. Salesrooms, No. 786 and 788 Broadway. Manufactory, No. 53 Ann Street, New York.

FRENCH PROTESTANT INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN, No. 48 East Twenty-fourth Street. — Boarding and Day School. Young men prepared for College and business. Specialty: The French Language. Will reopen on September 15. Prospectus, with full information and references to be had.
Prof. ELIE CHARLIER, of Paris.

SPRATT'S PATENT SELF-SEALING CANS.—For preserving all kinds of Fruit and Vegetables in a fresh state, *without sugar*, have now been in use for the past *three years*, and are acknowledged to be the *only perfect Self-Sealing cans in the market.* As evidence of the superiority of these cans over all others, we have received from different Fairs *Ten First Class Diplomas, Two Premiums, and One Medal!*
Full Directions for Preserving accompany the Cans.
"WELLS & PROVOST," Sole Proprietors, 215 Front Street, New York.

"GROVER & BAKER'S" CELEBRATED FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.
☞ 20 different styles with the latest improvements.
These are unquestionably the best Machines for *family use* in the market.
No family, who prizes *home comforts*, will do without a GROVER & BAKER MACHINE, made expressly for *family use.*
495 Broadway, New York; 18 Summer Street, Boston; 57 St. Charles Street, New Orleans; 87 Front Street, St. Louis; 6 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati; and 730 West Street, Philadelphia.

WELLINGTON & ABBOTT, 47 Water Street, New York, Successors to A. SEIGNETTE & Co., offer for Sale, from United States Bonded Warehouse, JULES ROBIN & CO.'S, MARETT & CO.'S, E. GEANTY and HENRY SUTTON'S
COGNAC AND CHAMPAGNE BRANDIES.
ALEXANDRE SEIGNETTE'S, P. L'EVÊQUE and A. DELUCE'S ROCHELLE BRANDIES. Gin, St. Croix, and Jamaica Rum. Also Sherry, Port, Madeira, and Claret Wines. Fruits, Oil, Walnuts, Castile Soap, &c.

JULES ROBIN & CO.'S COGNAC BRANDY.—This celebrated and favorite Cognac Brandy is constantly being received, and is for sale in assorted packages by the agents at the lowest market prices.
WELLINGTON & ABBOTT, Sole Agents, 47 Water Street, N. Y.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.—The aperient, antiseptic, and restorative propertrie of this invaluable preparation render it a safe and ce-stain Cure in Cases of Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and numerous Ulcerous and Eruptive Diseases.
Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, New York.

GRAPE LEAF GIN. — We are constantly receiving Invoices of this celebrated Gin, in pipes and three-quarter pipes. The manufactory from which this Gin is obtained in Schiedam has been in existence over 200 years, and therefore explains the reason why this Gin is superior to the common grade of Gin and Schnapps imported into this market.
WELLINGTON & ABBOTT, 47 Water Street, N. Y., Sole Agents for the United States.

BACON *says, "A few words go to prove a fact."* It is so, for Bogle's Hyperion Fluid for the Hair, his Prize Medal Electric Hair Dye, and his Balm of Cytheria for beautifying the Complexion, are, in truth, unsurpassed in their virtues. Sold by WM. BOGLE, Boston, and Druggists every where.

ALLSOPPS' EAST INDIA PALE ALE.
MESSRS. ALLSOPP & SONS can not refrain from reminding the Public that it is entirely owing to the exertions of their House that "Burton" possesses its present important trade in "Pale Ale." Messrs. Allsopp & Sons first introduced this Article to the Indian Market 30 years ago, since which period its great popularity has remained unshaken; and, until they commenced shipping their Ale to the United States—3 years since—English Draught Ale was unknown in America. These circumstances induce Messrs. Allsopp & Sons to feel confident the American Public will support them in their endeavors to make their Bitter Ale a general drink in this country; and its anti-bilious and tonic properties, its refreshing and agreeable flavor, make it a beverage especially adapted for the States during the Hot Season. The principal medical men in America and England recommend its use to invalids as a most efficient tonic. In consequence of the reported adulteration of some descriptions of Bitter Ale, Messrs. Allsopp & Sons have received numerous incidental Testimonials to the excellence, purity, and salutary effects of their Ale. By the following extracts, among a number from the most eminent medical men, the Profession throughout the country will have the satisfaction of finding their just appreciation of the remedial advantages of ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE amply confirmed by the concurring testimony of the most able Physicians and Surgeons, as well as the most illustrious Chemists of the time:
From BARON LIEBIG.—"The specimens of your Pale Ale sent to me afforded me another opportunity of confirming its valuable qualities. I am myself an admirer of this beverage, and my own experience enables me to recommend it, in accordance with the opinion of the most eminent English physicians, as a very agreeable and efficient tonic, *and as a general beverage, both for the invalid and the robust.* *Giessen*, May 6."
From PROFESSOR GRAHAM, F.R.S., University College, London, and PROFESSOR HOFFMANN, Ph.D., F.R.S., College of Chemistry, London.—"The sifting nature of the chemical examination which the Beers of Messrs. ALLSOPPS' manufacture for many months past have been subjected to, fully establishes their incontestable purity. The Process of brewing Pale Ale is one in which nothing but water and the best malt and hops, of the first quality, are used; *it is an operation of the greatest delicacy and care*, which would be entirely ruined by any tampering with the materials employed. *London*, April 26."
From the ANALYTICAL SANITARY COMMISSIONER *of the* "LANCET," MAY 15, 1852.—"From the pure and wholesome nature of the ingredients employed, the moderate proportion of alcohol present, and the very considerable quantity of aromatic anodyne bitter derived from hops contained in these Beers, they tend to preserve the tone and vigor of the stomach, and conduce to the restoration of the health of that organ when in a state of weakness or debility. They resemble, indeed, from their lightness, a WINE OF MALT rather than an ordinary fermented infusion; and it is very satisfactory to find that a beverage of such general consumption is entirely free from every kind of impurity."
From PROFESSOR MUSPRATT, F.R.S.E., Member of the Royal Irish Academy.—"I have carefully examined and analysed samples of your Ales, and find that they do not contain a particle of any injurious substance. *I and my family have used your Ales for years, and with perfect confidence in their purity.* I know that Pale Ale, when prepared, as it must be in your Brewery, under scientific surveillance, contains a large quantity of nutritious matter; and the hop, by its tonic properties, gives a healthy tone to the stomach.
"COLLEGE OF CHEMISTRY, *Liverpool*, April 20."
And many others, which can be seen at the office of Mr. ARTHUR KENDALL, 5 South William Street, New York, our sole Agent for the United States.
Burton on Trent, June, 1857.
NOTICE.—This Ale is to be had on Draught at all the principal Hotels and Restaurants, and in Bottles (in cases containing two and six dozen pints) at all Wine Merchants and Grocers throughout the Union. The undersigned would call the attention of the Trade to the fact, that a large Stock being always kept on hand, in Bond, the supply throughout the year can be guaranteed.
ARTHUR KENDALL, 5 South William Street, N. Y., Sole Agent for the United States.

CATARRH. — Without controversy, the fact exists, that GOODALE'S Errhine is curing, and has cured, the worst cases of Catarrh!
The disease has never been understood. Physicians admit this, and acknowledge their inability to cure it. Goodale *once* confessed his ignorance of it. *He does not now.* Catarrh *can* be cured—*radically* cured! The truth of this assertion will be demonstrated to any victim of the disease on trial of it according to directions. It is in fluid form, and a few drops only to be inhaled into the nostrils. Office, 385 Broadway. Hours, 9 A. M. till 4 P. M.

"CONSUMPTION."
Dr. H. JAMES'S wonderful Remedy for the Cure of Consumption can only be obtained at 19 Grand Street, Jersey City, New Jersey. Dr. H. JAMES, of 19 Grand Street, Jersey City, has no Office or Agent in New York. Price $2 00 per bottle. Recipe sent by mail if four postage stamps are enclosed.

IT IS NOT A DYE.
MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER
Restores Gray Hair to its natural color.
Cures all diseases of Hair and Scalp.
MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR DRESSING
Superior to all others for children or adults.
These preparations are exported to Europe.
They are recommended by persons of highest standing.
Send to Depot, No. 355 Broome Street, for circular and information. Sold every where.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.
HARPER'S WEEKLY will contain Sixteen pages of the size of the *London Illustrated News*, each Number comprising as much matter as an ordinary duodecimo volume. It will be printed in a form and upon paper suitable for binding; and as the pages will be electrotyped, the back Numbers can always be supplied, so that Subscribers will be able at any time to complete their files. At the close of each volume, neat and appropriate Covers will be prepared for the convenience of those who wish to bind the paper.
TERMS.
HARPER'S WEEKLY will appear every SATURDAY MORNING, and will be sold at FIVE CENTS a Copy. It will be mailed to Subscribers at the following rates, payment being invariably required in advance:

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00.
One Copy for One Year	2 50.
One Copy for Two Years	4 00.
Five Copies for One Year	9 00.
Twelve Copies for One Year	20 00.
Twenty-five Copies for One Year	40 00.

To Postmasters getting up a Club of Twelve or Twenty-five, a Copy will be sent gratis. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. Specimen Numbers gratuitously supplied.
Persons residing in the British Provinces will remit Twenty six Cents in addition to the subscription for the American postage.
Clergymen and Teachers supplied at the lowest CLUB PRICES.
HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.
*** Persons living in the Cities of New York and Brooklyn, and wishing "Harper's Weekly" supplied at their houses, will please to send their names and residence to the Office of Publication. The Carriers who deliver the paper will collect pay for the same.
*** EUROPEAN SUBSCRIBERS will have their Copies regularly forwarded per Mail (U. S. postage paid), upon payment of thirteen shillings sterling to SAMPSON LOW, SON, & Co., the American Booksellers, 47 Ludgate Hill, London.